

The American Girl

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

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Paul Thompson

Effective March 1, 1922

STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

Important Notice

There have been so many complaints in regard to the poor quality of the safety clasp Tenderfoot pin that it has been decided to discontinue this 20c pin and replace it by a 15c pin made of better material which may be polished easily and without destroying the surface. There has been almost no demand for the Girl Scout doll. Therefore, it has been discontinued.

UNIFORMS

		Size	Price	Size	Price
Long Coat	Ready Made	10-18	\$3.50	Hats, Captains Serge, with Insignia	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ -8 \$3.50
		38-42	4.00		Belts, Web for Scout, with special buckle and hooks
Short Coat Suit	Ready Made	10-18	2.75	28-38	.55
		38-42	3.25	Leather for officers	2.50
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		38-42	5.00	Official khaki	1.75
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		38-42	4.25	Black, silk	2.00
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		38-42	2.50	Girl's sizes	2.00
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Silver (90 per cent attendance one year)	.15	Proficiency Badges (See Handbook for list)
First Class Badge	.25	Second Class Badge
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Bronze	1.50	Silver Plate (with pendant)

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	Price	Price
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Captain's Pin	.50	Tenderfoot Pins
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	Price	Price
Armband	.15	Hat Insignia (for Captain's serge hat)
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Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron	.30	

SPECIAL NOTE

These prices are subject to change without notice.

For Price List Flag Equipment See page 35

* Sold Only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

STANDARD PRICE LIST CONTINUED

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	Price		Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Patrol Register, each	\$0.15
Blue Book of Rules (for field notebook)	.25	Patrol System for Girl Guides	.25
Campward Ho!	.75	Play (By Mrs. B. O. Eddy), each	.15
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Cook Book—Special Girl Scout	.75	Post Cards	.05
First Aid Book	.50	Posters—Girl Scout (for special drive work)	.25
General Edition	.50	Set of five illustrating Scout Activities	5.00
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Girl Guide Book of Games	.50	Lots of 10 or more	.10
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Girl Scout	" " .04	Lots of 10 or more	" " .02
Lots of 10 or more	" " .03	Onward	" " .10
		To America	" " .25

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	Price		Price
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Buttons (10 small, 6 large)	Per set .25	Patterns—Cost, Skirt or Bloomers, all sizes for Scouts, each	.15
	One doz. sets 2.75	Officers Norfolk Suit, each	.25
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	Rings, Sterling Silver, sizes 3 to 9	1.50
Tin	1.50	10K Gold, sizes 3 to 9	4.00
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First Aid Kit with Pouch—special Girl Scout	1.25	Scout Guide, 15 ft., with ring for belt	.50
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First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.80	Sewing Kit (in spool), Tin Case	.25
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1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items enumerated in No. 3.

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THE EIGHTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

THE AMERICAN GIRL feels certain that all Girl Scouts would like to hear a little of the busy, interesting week their representatives spent in Savannah from January 23d to the 28th.

Those of us who had never seen "The sunny South" pictured ourselves enjoying the "Motor drives to points of interest" our hostesses had provided for us—but alas! Fate, usually kind to Girl Scouts, decided to discipline us, and we reached Savannah in the worst blizzard and ice storm the city has known in a generation! The palms were frozen stiff, the lovely camellias were filmed in ice, like pink candies, and the ice coated boughs

and branches crashed to the ground, every moment, making traffic positively dangerous.

But the warm hospitality of our entertainment committee, headed by Miss Pape, as commissioner, and Miss Cunningham, as reception chairman, triumphed over all these misfortunes and the reception at Mrs. Low's house, on the evening before the Convention, was a brilliant success. All the delegates appreciated deeply the opportunity to meet our Founder in her own delightful home: we wished that all the Scouts might see her there!

Equally interesting in its own way was the visit to the Savannah Headquarters—the cradle of Girl Scouting in America. The Scouts had decorated it most charmingly and served us tea so gracefully that we were sure they had all qualified for the Hostess Badge!

While the various reports and discussions were for the most part very much like those of other conventions, and far too numerous and detailed to describe here (for they would fill most of the magazine), two outstanding novelties occur to us. One was the dividing of the delegates into patrols, in true Girl Scout fashion. These patrols met at luncheon and their patrol leaders reported for them at the close of the day. While this system proved, perhaps, a little too rigid for the variety of meetings and opinions that might have been gained otherwise, they gave many of us a practical idea of the working of the patrols which we had never had.

The Question Box, from which inquiries from the field were handed to those best fitted to answer them, was popular and will probably always form a part of the program in the future.

The two most important contributions to Scouting material were the outlining by Mrs. Bacon and demonstrating by Miss Lewis of the proposed new American Brownie program, and the proposed remodelling of the Golden Eagle test, prepared by Dr. May Ayres Burgess and presented by Mrs. Choate. The Brownie program, charmingly presented by a group of tiny Savannah citizens, produced for the occasion by the resourceful Commissioner Pape, hold the interest of the delegates very successfully, and the outline was listened to with much attention and seemed certain of a careful trial by a large proportion of the field, which has long requested the Education Committee for a constructive program with sufficient reference matter to make it practical for the beginner. Copies will very soon be sent to all interested in Brownies.

The proposed re-adjustment of the Golden Eagle, though much needed, in one way or another, seemed a little too drastic, on a first hearing, to the majority of those present. The general feeling seemed to be that the new standards were set so high as to be almost impractical of achievement, and a presentation of less stringent alterations and safe guardings, through a letter from Commissioner Swift of Colorado Springs, appeared to win more adherents. Probably, as in similar cases, a successful compromise will be reached.

The two most colorful bits of the convention (or, indeed, of any previous one) were provided by the English Folk Dancing, exhibited by Mrs. Storrow and a professional group of dancers, and the theory and practice of First Aid, especially in the water, demonstrated by Commodore Longfellow, the National Field Agent of the Red Cross. The Morris dancers, in picturesque costume, provided a delightful evening's entertainment, which was a very amusing contrast to the addresses of previous conventions, and proved conclusively to all of us who had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Storrow, that whatever this form of dancing may lack, in its appeal to young girls, it is certainly a wonderful preservative of youthful suppleness and grace!

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LITTLE SISTER INTERFERES

By Helen Ward Ranks

Illustrated by Marjorie Flack



H, come on, Jean, it won't be any fun without you," begged Isabel.

"Declare yourself," added Fanny. "Be you a saint or be you a cut-up?"

Jean did not answer. "I can tell you that," said Sue, with a disagreeable little laugh. "She's a saint. Jean's too good to have any fun with."

"If you think that, why do you stay in my room?" demanded Jean, hotly.

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite," piped up a clear little voice from the depths of the biggest chair.

"Is that ubiquitous kid in here?" sighed Fanny. "Doesn't she stick like molasses?"

"Meddlesome Matty!" exclaimed Sue. "Put her out, Mary."

"You won't do anything of the sort," retorted Jean. "My little sister can stay in my room if she wants to."

"All right," agreed Mary. "She'll promise never to tell what she hears when she sticks around with us."

"The Bartons are not made of tell-tale stuff," announced Little Sister.

"You're the funniest kid," laughed Fanny. "Turn on your eloquence then, Isabel. There's only half an hour before supper to convince Jean in."

"It's Friday night," began Isabel, "and we've all crammed for exams on Monday; Mrs. Talbot has done the unheard of thing of staying away over night; the moon's full and the pond like glass—"

"What I say," cut in Fanny, "is that we've been such an exemplary bunch that we're almost superhuman; you can't help it with Mrs. Talbot around. Now if we don't take this chance, what shall we say to our grandchildren? That we were in boarding school for four years and didn't cut one single caper?"

"There's nothing really wicked in a moonlight skate," urged Isabel. "Just run two miles down a lane where you won't meet a soul, to

skate on a pond where you won't meet a soul—unless Miss Lewis' girls!"

"It's what Miss Lewis's girls do all the time," said Fanny.

"It's different with them," argued Jean. "Miss Lewis is always sneaking around in felt slippers and listening at keyholes, but Mrs. Talbot is on the square. Why should we break out when she's away and put a trick like this over on poor little Miss Murray the first time she's left in charge?"

"She'll tumble into a book after supper," answered Fanny "and wouldn't know if she were smothered."

Every Girl Scout who loves to skate on a moonlight night will enjoy this story.

"I invite you all to a fudge party in my room this evening," Isabel said. "We can get down the back stairs, slip out the side door, have a jolly skate, and get in again with no one the wiser. Come on, Jean, be a sport."

Jean looked up to meet Little Sister's eyes fixed upon her. Their pleading made her shake her head.

"I don't believe I'll go," she said, "the rest of you can do as you like."

"Won't your big sister let you?" asked Sue, scornfully.

"I'm not sure Jean isn't right," wavered Mary.

"Don't be a spoil-sport, Jean," begged Isabel. "It all hangs on you. If you stay out, you keep out half the class."

"You want one naughty prank to tell your grandchildren," added Fanny.

"It would be an admirable story," piped up Little Sister. "That you were all dropped from the Talbot School in your last year therein."

"Cut out the preaching and the long words," said Sue, crossly. "No one's asking your opinion. It comes down to this, girls. Haven't we the nerve to do once what the Lewis girls get away with all the time?"

"I won't go if you don't, Jean,"

said Mary. "I'm sorter afraid anyhow."

"There, you see!" declared Isabel. "That's the beginning."

"I hate to be a spoil-sport," Jean said, slowly.

Isabel's quick ear caught the irresolution in Jean's voice. "Come on, girls," she said, rising. "Let's clear out and give Jean a chance to think it over. She's too good a sport to take the ginger out of a lark like this." She snapped off the light and ran up the window-shade. "See what a night it is!"

The moonlight came in from the crisp, keen night outside to lie in a cold, white patch across the floor. The door closed behind the four girls, but Sue opened it again to fire a parting shot.

"Here's a chance to prove you aren't tied to that baby's apron-strings," she called back and vanished.

A sniff came from the big chair. "I'm awfully homesick," whimpered Little Sister, scrambling across the room to her sister's lap. "I implore you to stay with me, Jean."

Jean was the steadiest, best-tempered girl in her class and she loved Little Sister dearly, but her nerves were on edge now after her friend's persistent teasing and Sue's last remark rankled.

"Why shouldn't I go?" she asked, impatiently? "There's no moral wrong in skating."

"Suppose you were discovered! It would be excruciating to be expelled in your last half-year."

"Yes, it would," acknowledged Jean. "But I'd never stop a thing just because I was afraid of the consequences. There's no possible chance of getting caught anyhow. Mademoiselle has the kids study-hour, and once Miss Murray gets reading, she's dead to the world."

"Where has Mrs. Talbot gone?" asked Little Sister.

"I haven't any idea. It doesn't matter so long as she's gone."

"Please don't go, Jean," begged Little Sister with a sudden hug. "I'll suffer tortures if you do."

"It would be different," argued Jean, "if it was only myself; but if I stay, they all will."

"Then upon you lies the responsibility of fifteen immortal souls," de-

clared Little Sister solemnly. "You're so different tonight, Jean; don't you love me any more?"

Jean put the child on the floor. "Of course, I love you, but it is absurd of you to think you have to look after the morals of the whole school. I'm going tonight, and that ends it. There's the warning-bell. Scoot or you'll be late to supper."

"If it had pleased Providence to create me the elder," sighed Little Sister, "we should have got on better in our worldly affairs."

Little Sister sat at Mademoiselle's right hand at the Junior table, and from that post she neglected her supper to watch what was going on among the Seniors. When Jean returned an abrupt nod to the question in Isabel's lifted eyebrows, Little Sister laid down her fork and leaned back in her chair.

"Is it that you are ill?" asked Mademoiselle, anxiously.

"It is that I seem incapacitated to eat," answered Little Sister clearly, watching through her half-closed lids the effect of her declaration on Jean.

Jean was beside her in a moment, and Miss Murray, too.

"What is it, darling?" Jean asked.

"I might be going to have measles again," murmured Little Sister, weakly.

"But we will take her to the infirmary at once," chattered Mademoiselle.

"Will Jean stay with me there?"

"No no, no," denied Mademoiselle. "That would not be allowed."

Miss Murray felt the child's hands. "You have no fever. What is it that troubles you?"

Little Sister, straightening, opening her eyes to meet the sudden suspicion in Jean's. "I feel better now," she said. "It was only a passing indisposition."

"I think she'd do better with no dessert tonight, Mademoiselle," Miss Murray said.

The dessert was apple-tart of which Little Sister was especially fond. Jean, watching her sit quiet while the rest made way with it, laid down her own fork. She was annoyed at Little Sister's determined efforts to keep her home, but she could not let her suffer alone. Jean's unspoken sympathy only roused Little Sister to new efforts.

"Mademoiselle," she said, leaning eagerly forward. "You enjoy the movies."



With a broad grin she bundled them under her arm and fled down stairs.

"Mais oui," Mademoiselle answered.

"Have you ever seen 'Lucy from Linden Lane'? It's on tonight and everyone speaks well of it."

"No," Mademoiselle answered regretfully, "but tonight I must oversee you petites in your study-hour."

"There is a chance that one of the big girls would relieve you," suggested Little Sister, casually. "Jean has officiated, you know. You could see what Miss Murray thinks."

Miss Murray thought well of the plan if any of the older girls would consent. Little Sister stood clasping Miss Murray's hand and almost prancing on her toes as they watched Mademoiselle cross the room to ask Jean.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mademoiselle," Jean hesitated. "I'd love to help you out, but I've promised to go to a fudge party in Isabel's room."

Miss Murray looked down on Little Sister's disappointed face. "Did you

want to help Mademoiselle, or get your sister for study-hour? If it was for Mademoiselle's sake, I will take your study-hour tonight."

"Oh, thank you," said Little Sister, but her delight was not very ardent.

Jean turned abruptly away with Isabel to avoid seeing Little Sister's pleading face. The sight was becoming uncomfortable.

"Ladies and no gentlemen," declaimed Fanny, as she shut the group into Isabel's room. "Here we are, and here we be till eight o'clock when the maids get off to the movies. Then it's easy."

At five minutes to eight Sue laid a hand on the door knob. "I'll reconnoitre," she whispered, opening the door a crack. "I'll see if the stairs are clear and the key in the lock. Now, Little Sister, you're caught eaves-dropping."

"I'm not," denied Little Sister, from the corridor. "Miss Murray couldn't explain my examples and

she said I might ask Jean."

"Well, Jean's too busy to do examples," said Sue, decidedly.

"I'm not," contradicted Jean, crossing the room.

"There isn't time really, Jean," protested Isabel.

"There'll have to be," said Jean. "I'll take her to my room and be back in just ten minutes."

It was a hard ten minutes for Little Sister was hopelessly stupid.

"You're not trying to understand," Jean declared. "I believe this is just another trick to keep me home."

"I wish you wouldn't go," whispered Little Sister.

For answer, Jean got up and banged the door behind her.

Little Sister sat a moment a small discouraged heap. Then on the divan she saw Jean's skates. With a broad grin she bundled them under her arm and fled down stairs. Jean was back in Isabel's room.

"All safe," Fanny whispered. "The maids are off and the key is in the side door. Get your skates, girls. The party moves. Don't anybody be more than five minutes getting ready."

At half-past eight an impatient throng was waiting for Jean. Isabel found her finally hatless and coatless in a very untidy room.

"I've turned the whole room out looking for my skates," she explained. "I know I had them here; they were on the divan when—" she stopped short. "You'd better not wait for me, Isabel," she went on. "I haven't an idea where they are."

"Of course we'll wait. We won't stir a step without you."

"Then I'll go downstairs and look. But it's quarter of nine now."

"Hurry," said Isabel, and went back to the impatient girls.

Jean, a little frown on her forehead, went down to the school room. "May I speak to my little sister a moment, Miss Murray?" she asked.

Little Sister went reluctantly.

"What did you do with my skates?" demanded Jean.

"Are you awful cross?" asked Little Sister.

"Yes," answered Jean, shortly.

"I never knew you like this before," said Little Sister. "I try to save you from perdition and you frown at me. You haven't smiled once since lunch time. Your old skates are under the bookcase in the drawing-room if you've got to know."

She watched Jean go down the corridor and enter the drawing-room. Then, a sudden thought in mind, Little Sister sped down on tiptoe the whole length of the hall to the side door.

Miss Murray, coming to see why Little Sister was so long absent reached the drawing-room door, to find Jean flat on the floor grovelling beneath the bookcase. As Jean came to her feet, she kept her right arm well behind her.

"I—I—lost something," she stammered.

At that moment Little Sister came dashing back, her right hand tightly clasped. As she and Miss Murray moved away, Jean's skates clinked distinctly.

It was nine o'clock before Jean got into her things and the long line of giggling girls stole in Indian file down the back stairs. Fanny, who was first, felt for the key. But there was no key there.

"It's locked and the key's gone," she whispered. "Get back quick."

Breathlessly, they all stumbled, giggling, back up the stairs and into Isabel's room.

"Where can the key have gone?" Fanny demanded. "It was there."

Jean did not answer. She knew.

"Someone might have taken it out to tease us," pondered Mary, "but no one knew—"

"Except Little Sister," cut in Sue, icily. "Does she never lose a chance to be disagreeable?"

Everyone turned to look at Jean. She flushed to her ears but before she could explain someone knocked. Isabel tore off her outdoor things and opened the door on a crack. One of the little girls stood there.

"Miss Murray says our study-hour is over," said the child, "and she'll be glad to have you come down to the school room and have a party with her. It's hot chocolate and an awful big cake."

Isabel turned back to her friends.

"You hear that? What shall we do?"

"Do?" exclaimed Fanny. "There's nothing to do to an invitation from royalty but to accept it."

"Tell her we'll come," she said and peeled off her sweater as the door shut the child out. "We'll go down and stay an hour. In the meantime I appoint Jean a committee of one to find that key. When we come up to bed with the key then our skate still lies ahead of us. And we'll settle with that little sneaking tell-tale tomorrow."

"You can take that back," Jean said. "No Barton tells tales."

"Then what made Miss Murray ask us?" demanded Sue. "She never did it before."

"I don't know," answered Jean, "but I know my little sister never told her. She's done everything in

her power to keep me home and she's right. She's worth two of me."

"You're not going to back out, are you?" asked Fanny alarmed.

"No, I've said I'd go and I will. But if we want to break rules why haven't we the backbone to do it while Mrs. Talbot is here? Not one of us would dare."

"Oh my, no!" agreed Mary. "If Mrs. Talbot caught me, I'd just lie down in the snow and nacherally expire. It makes me shiver just to think of it."

The girls made themselves party-fit and went reluctantly downstairs.

Miss Murray smiled to herself as she saw them file solemnly in. She was nobody's fool and when her eyes weren't glued to a book they saw as much as anyone's. Jean's clinking skates could not be mistaken. She linked them up with Little Sister's anxiety to keep Jean home, and when the side door key dropped from Little Sister's desk to the floor, Miss Murray understood. On the spot she secretly joined forces with Little Sister and dispatched her invitation. She even included Little Sister in it when she sent the other children off to bed.

Miss Murray stretched the hour before bedtime to its greatest stretching power. After the games were over, she served the chocolate in the tiniest of cups so that they must take time in refilling. But the girls were restive. At quarterpast ten Jean finally succeeded in getting the side door key away from Little Sister.

"We musn't keep Miss Murray up all night," she said, politely—and stopped, for someone slammed the front door.

Every eye turned to the doorway and every girl gasped as she came to her feet. It was Mrs. Talbot, portly in her furs, who stood there. At the sight of the party in progress, the anxious look on her round, rosy face fled before a smile covered it all.

"You'll never know just what it means to me to see you like this," she panted, dropping into a chair. "It makes me feel that I've not lived in vain. I went to spend the night with my old friend Miss Lewis; we'd decided that we had a pretty good lot of girls between us and that we'd give them a full-moon ice party tomorrow night. We went to the pond tonight to look it over." She paused dramatically before she added: "Miss Lewis' School will have no party tomorrow, for we found that all of her older girls, those she trusted most, had broken bounds and were skating by themselves. It was a blow to her,

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AN AMBER FAIRY GODMOTHER

By *Rebecca Traill Hodges*Illustrated by *Joseph Franke*

THE David Kent Barnards had just returned from a long tour of the Orient. They came back laden with silky kimonas and carved sandalwood fans, some queer East Indian hangings stiff with metallic threads and a vase or two from one of the priceless Ming dynasties.

They were quite pleased with themselves and with the results of their journey. They prided themselves on their personal selection of the treasures they had acquired. Mr. Barnard, in fact, was known as an expert, in an amateurish way, when it came to picking out real values. No one could pass off on him, he boasted, anything that was fake. An imitation, whether it be in jewels or furniture, or a painting, could never pass by his eagle eye.

So it was with real satisfaction that they displayed to admiring envious eyes their acquisitions.

Important relatives and influential friends were generously remembered, and there now remained only the Robinsons. These Robinsons, who lived in a little town up in northern Indiana belonged to the sadly uncomfortable type of people known as "poor relations." Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Robinson were cousins and at one time back in the dim past had been close girlhood friends. But for several years the two families had seen nothing of each other although Chicago, the Barnard's home, was distant from the Robinson's by only a short number of motor miles. At Christmas a few scattering gifts and notes in reply passed between them, but the Barnards who had no children of their own and were glad of it, felt somehow that the four young Robinsons were a very foolish luxury and drag on their toiling parents. Consequently they maintained an aloof superior attitude toward their small town relatives.

"We must send them something, David," Mrs. Barnard said to her husband one morning at breakfast. "We have a few little things left that I suppose they'd like—something simple, you know, in keeping with their mode of living." She

paused and lifted inquiring eyebrows across the silver coffee service and heavy damask expanse.

Mr. Barnard nodded a preoccupied asset behind the cover of the morning paper propped up against his glass.

"Pick out what you want, Kate. I don't imagine they'd expect very much."

"O, no, and they are so proud they wouldn't accept an expensive gift even if we sent one. Poor Jane," she sighed, "tied to that bookkeeping husband of hers. And those four children, too. The last time I heard from her she spoke of college for the oldest Henrietta. Fancy! A girl in her circumstances even thinking of such an expense! She is sixteen or seventeen and she ought to be working now to help out instead of thinking of college!"

Mr. Barnard dropped another lump of sugar into his coffee and stirred it reflectively. "Well," he remarked, slowly, "you can't tell people like that anything."

"No—and the little they have they're always planning to spend on the children."

Mr. Barnard shrugged his shoulders and returned to his paper but his wife continued: "Now what shall I send them, David? How about the amber beads for Henrietta?"

"Do you mean that string we picked up one day in Shanghai?"

"Yes, in that queer little junky shop full of odds and ends."

"O, that's all right. I never knew why I bought it, anyway. It isn't worth more than the five dollars we gave for it but it's kind of pretty and girls like that sort of stuff, I suppose. Good enough amber but nothing remarkable."

"And shall I send Jane an obi or a Japanese print?" she persisted.

"O, suit yourself, my dear, suit yourself," he answered, half impatiently. "My only advice would be that the simpler the gift for them the better. That's all. There are plenty of things in the top tray of the big trunk that will do, I'm sure. Help yourself."

The outcome of this breakfast talk was that the much discussed Robinsons received their equally discussed package.

Mr. Robinson smiled as he untied the tiny and useless figured inkwell—a mute reminder of his ceaseless days with his eternal pen. A gaudy Japanese print, wholly innocent of perspective, bore Mrs. Robinson's name scrawled on the corner. The three boys reveled in gay crepy handkerchiefs while to Henrietta fell the amber necklace.

Like all amber the beads were cool and darkly yellow and a cunning little carved gold clasp fastened the string at the back.

All in all it was a very attractive one and it hung in a long curved line about Henrietta's slim throat and down on her smooth young chest. And since her eyes were large and dusky like her hair, and the skin was clear and olive-tinted, the amber beads were most becoming and she was very happy and pleased as any seventeen-year-old girl would be when jewels and adornments were few and far between.

Consequently she wrote a charming little note to the Barnards expressing her frank appreciation, and also telling them that she was going away for a year to college.

"That is all we can afford," she added, "but a year is better than nothing at all you know."

Mr. and Mrs. Barnard shook their heads over this exhibition of extravagance, although they admitted to each other that Henrietta's letter was delightfully fresh and breezy, and they decided that when the girl came back they might run over some day to make a brief call on the family.

However, the year moved apace and as unevenly. The Robinsons, at home, by skimping and saving and doing without, valiantly kept their shoulders to the wheel, and Henrietta went to college—a big eastern college, in fact. The family felt proud of the bright pretty clever girl and all alike sighed that she could not have another year of it. But there came John, Jr., pushing close on her

heels—and he must have his chance. True enough she had helped pay her own way by waiting on table and a little outside tutoring—but John's turn came next year—so there was nothing for her to do but come home at the close of the school year.

Henrietta had many stormy rebellious moments fighting it out with herself. "Why," she asked, angrily, as she looked off across the campus, "should I have so little—so little, all these other girls have so much! I never have anything pretty or anything nice! I can't even get an education! Nothing ever comes my way and it makes me so mad!" The hot tears sprang to her eyes. She felt that the world was a very gloomy, unkind place.

Nevertheless, she felt a very marked glow of pleasure fill her soul as she read her mother's letter.

"Your father has urged me so much to come to Chicago to meet you, dear child, that I've decided to do it. O, Henrietta, I can hardly wait to see you! Ten months is a long, long time."

The train from New York drew into the big noisy Chicago station and a very happy, moist-eyed girl in a trim blue serge suit threw herself into the arms of an equally happy mother in rusty, shabby grey, carefully pressed but hopelessly worn.

Henrietta took it all in at a glance—the pitifully out-of-date clothes and hat and shoes and the smiling dear face with the tired lines.

She hugged her mother anew while she flayed herself mentally for her own selfishness.

"O, Mother I'm so glad to see you once more," she laughed, tremulously. "I'll be so happy to be at home. How is dear father? and the boys? Did Tom's bird house come along alright? and Willie's chickens?"

She listened eagerly while Mrs. Robinson's tongue flew with the details of home. Between the lines her searching mind pieced together the story of the year's privation, and the daily record of forever "doing without."

She felt stung to the quick as she realized how thoughtless and selfish she had been—willing to accept all these sacrifices just so that she could have this college experience.

"Well, me for a job!" she decided inwardly.

Arm in arm mother and daughter walked towards the waiting room while Henrietta cast surreptitious glances at her mother's face—happy and glorified though it was, still it was tired and lined, far too much so. Henrietta's quick sympathetic

tears overflowed and she thrust her hand into her coat pocket and fumbled for her handkerchief.

Instead she drew out the amber beads, and suddenly laughed.

"Funniest thing!" she exclaimed, finally dabbing her eyes with the recovered piece of crumpled linen. "I wore these beads all the year—even slept in them. Somehow I sort of felt lost without them. Well—just before I left the clasp broke and I decided I'd take them into New York with me and have a new clasp put on them. I figured out it wouldn't take long to adjust a new one, so I took it into one of the best jewelry places. They said I could have it the next morning, which was yesterday. So I said alright and told them to go ahead. When I called there yesterday the clerk acted perfectly crazy. He looked at me so queerly and said they hadn't put a new clasp on but would I sell the beads instead. I said 'no.' Then he hemmed and hawed and said they'd give me \$10,000 for them! He looked so funny I didn't know what was the matter with him and I answered in a very haughty tone that I'd keep them myself and since they hadn't done what I asked I'd take them at once with me. So I did. I had barely time to catch my train anyway. But here I am!" She squeezed her mother's arm jubilantly. "Wasn't that queer?"

"It surely was," Mrs. Robinson smiled at the shining eyed girl beside her. "We will stop in somewhere and have it mended."

"Goodness, no. Indeed we'll not," Henrietta expostulated, thrusting them back into her pocket. "We won't spend a cent foolishly. That is settled. And to spend any more real money on an amber decoration for a selfish, silly girl like me, is pos-

i-tively out of the question."

Chatting and laughing they made their way toward the shopping district where with the eternal feminine love for the pretty dainty things their hearts craved they strolled from window to window and from counter to counter.

Serviceable percales and stacks of strong wear proof stockings, sheeting to be made up later and sturdy denim overalls for the boys were the extent of their purchases.

But in their minds they were buying instead fluffy laces and crisp organdies and adorable cretonnes for new hangings. Then they sighed in unison and laughed into each other's understanding eyes.

"Not one single trifling thing have we bought or done," Mrs. Robinson confided. "We haven't even had an ice cream soda."

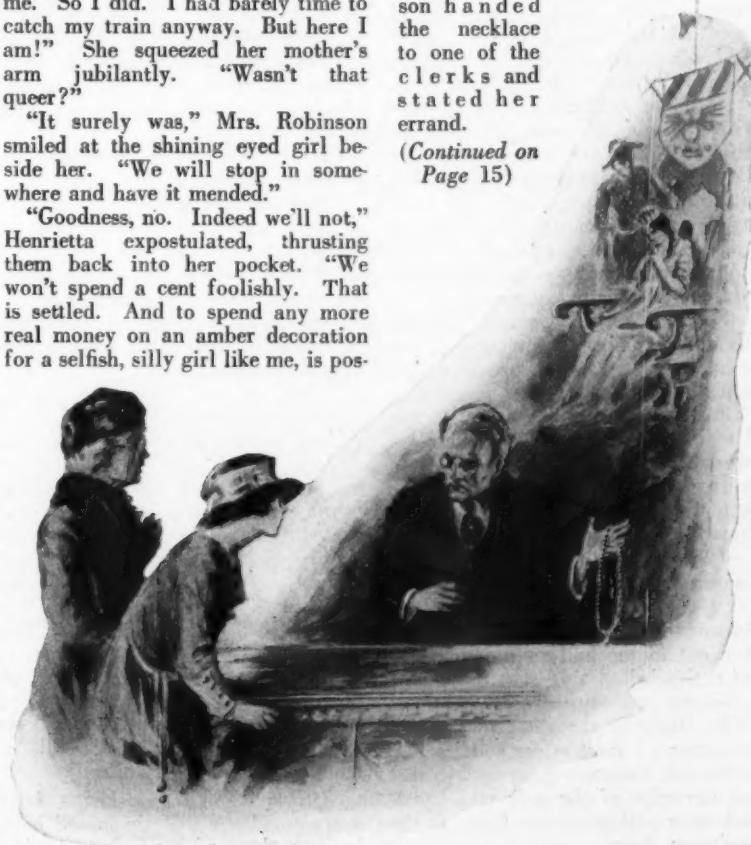
"That would be too daring a lark," Henrietta reproved.

"So my one wild extravagance," Mrs. Robinson went on, "is to get a new fastener for your beads!"

The utter absurdity of the whole idea sent them into gales of laughter and they quickly made their way toward one of the biggest jewelry shops.

Mrs. Robinson handed the necklace to one of the clerks and stated her errand.

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"Now, Mrs. Robinson, you have the secret," he smiled in evident relief.

The Story of a Miraculous Cure—

S T. S P O O F I N ' S D A Y

By Willis K. Jones

Illustrated By Thelma Gooch

SHE'S not funny, she's pathetic," groaned Rachel Loveland. "She lumbers around like a rhinoceros on fly paper."

"But it's so much fun to tease her," added Glen. "We owe it to the college to make her less gullible before the year is over."

Gladys Hammon nodded. "That's what freshman year ought to do. The trouble is, nobody ever takes Blossom seriously, and I, for one, don't blame them."

When parents bestow a name like Blossom Hinkle on a daughter, there is nothing she can do but live up to it. But Blossom, now in the freshman class at Natick College had gone even beyond expectations. Surely her parents had never imagined that she would blossom out to the extent of 210 pounds, or they would have decided upon a milder name: Bud for instance. At 210 pounds, one is full blown. When she came as a freshman to Pomeroy Cottage, the girls promptly rechristened her Hinky Dink, or occasionally just Hinkey. And besides taking up her share of space, physically, she managed by her escapades and by the tricks that were continually played upon her to occupy an important place as a topic of conversation.

Florence Knight, coming into the Hammon Twins' room where the council of war was in progress, had something new to report about her. "Oh, girls, I just left Dink," she laughed. "And what do you think is troubling her? Somebody broke a mirror in the locker room of the gymnasium, and she is afraid some horrible misfortune will happen."

"Who broke it?" Glenn Brigden inquired.

"I guess Dink did. Let's call her in and have some fun. I just met her out in the hall talking to some of the girls."

Glenn was already at the door. "Oh, Hinkey," she shouted. "Come on down. I want to see you."

Gladys Hammon gave up her seat on the edge of the sofa and squatted on a pillow on the floor, at the bedroom door.

"What's the sad news?" Glenn

asked. "Flo was just telling me that something dreadful had happened."

The fat girl nodded solemnly, portentously. "A mirror," she stated. "I don't know who broke it. It was at the end of the lockers and I fell against it, but I don't believe I broke it. I hope not. It means seven years' bad—Oh, look!" she rose, laboriously. "A pin with its head toward me, too." She bent over and picked it up.

"Well, that takes away some of your bad luck," Flo pretended to sympathize with her. "But there was that black cat last month, and that cross-eyed, freckled face lad we saw in Boston. I hope you didn't break the mirror. You have your share of trouble already."

"Why, freckles don't mean bad luck," Blossom hastened to assert. "I have freckles."

"They ought to."

"Yes, indeed, they ought to," Glenn entered the conversation. "Anyone with freckles deserves bad luck."

"But you can't help freckles," Blossom insisted.

"You surely can."

There was a universal chorus of "How?"

"When I was little," Glenn started, seeing she had aroused their interest, "I had millions of them, but I cured myself. My Irish nurse taught me how."

"What did she teach you?" demanded Blossom.

Glenn winked elaborately when she was sure the fat girl would not see her. "She told me that washing in the dew on a certain morning prevented you from having freckles, or washed away those you have. So I got up on Saint Spoofin's Day and did it, and now I don't have any."

"Really?" gasped Hinkey. "But when is St.—St.—"

"Spoofin's Day? It comes the 23d of March."

"Well, isn't it lucky you told us now," Lovey commended her. "Tomorrow is the twenty-third."

"Oh, is it?" Glenn asked. "Isn't it a coincidence that we should have been speaking of it now? As a big calendar with the days crossed off in

red and numbered up to the Easter vacation hung on the wall directly across from her, she must have been very unobserving.

"And if I wash my face in dew tomorrow will I lose my freckles?" Hinkey demanded.

"You see I haven't any," was Glenn's answer.

The fat girl examined the pale unmarked face of the speaker. "That's true. Well, I'm going to bed right away then, to wake up in time. And thanks awfully, for telling me." She was still expressing her gratitude as she closed the door behind her.

The girls held themselves in check until her footsteps died away. Then their merriment burst forth. "That was an inspiration, Glenn," Flo told her, thumping her on the shoulders. "How did you ever think of it?"

"I was brought up on those legends. But I had to change the time. May Day is when the fairies are supposed to dance and enchant the dew. Still, when I noticed the calendar, I changed the date a little so she wouldn't have to wait so long. It ought to be just as true as any other day, don't you think?"

"But St. Spoofin's Day!" Margaret laughed. "Lucky she doesn't know real English or she would realize that you were 'spoofing' her."

"Do you really think she'll do it?" Flo remarked. That threatened to start another discussion, but Margaret could restrain herself no longer. "I have a beautiful idea. Glenn was talking about trying to cure Dink's gullibility. We can do that and have a good joke at the same time."

The others looked at the Hammon Twin. "Will it hurt her?"

"Not a bit. My brother did it once at college. It's just psychology, he says. Your mind is stronger than your common sense. I don't remember all the details, but the girls will catch on quickly enough. Then Dink will learn not to believe all she hears."

"But isn't it rather mean?" Gladys objected.

"She needs it. It will do her lots of good, and she can think it over during vacation."



Lovey accosted her in the hall—"What have you been doing to yourself?"

And finally Gladys was won over. Before they had arranged all the details, study bell rang and the girls left for their own rooms.

The next morning, somewhere in the building an alarm clock buzzed noisily at five-thirty. The Hammon Twins, awakened, looked at each other across their bedroom and then turned over for another nap.

"Hope she doesn't scare away the fairies," Margaret whispered.

Gladys, almost in Dreamland, only grunted sleepily. That was the last sound until their own alarm went off at 7 o'clock.

Margaret was fated to begin the campaign. While she was washing, the fat girl came into the bathroom, her eyes heavy with sleep, but a smile on her face.

"What's the matter, Hinkey?" "Aren't you feeling well?" Margaret asked.

"Yes, indeed. It does me good to get up in the morning. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I wondered

whether you were sick. Did you find the dew?"

"Um hum! Do you think I better not wash my face in regular water this morning?"

"No, the dew has had its chance to start working, I guess. But I hope it didn't harm you to get up so early."

Hinkey turned to Helen Jordan who had just come in. "Twinnie thought I looked sick. Do you think so?"

The other freshman, although not in the secret saw that there was some joke, and she played up to her cue. "Well, I've seen you looking better. Are you sick?"

Before she could reply, Gladys dashed in, hurrying to "make breakfast." She stopped as soon as she saw the fat girl. "Why, what's happened to you?" she exclaimed. "Are you under the weather?"

"No, not much. Do I look it?"

"Probably it's only my imagination." She was too anxious to get to breakfast on time to stop to talk.

Blossom Hinkle left her and started back toward her room.

Lovey accosted her in the hall. "What have you been doing to yourself? Did you let a steam roller crush out your good spirits, or are you really ill?"

"Why, I'm not feeling just right. I got up with a bit of a headache, but I'll be better soon."

Lovey was already down the hall. "Hope so," she flung back over her shoulder.

At the door of the dining-room Glenn caught up to the fat girl. "Did you find the dew all right?" she began. "I hope—" Then she stopped and stared. "Aren't you feeling well? You don't look exactly natural."

"No, I was sick all night. I got up this morning and washed in dew, but it didn't make me feel any better. I took a long walk, too. Do you think— Have I lost my freckles?"

"Oh, it's too early to tell yet. But I hope you'll feel better. Have you seen a doctor or anyone?"

"Not yet. I'm waiting until after breakfast. Then I may not feel so bad."

Glenn, seeing that Hinkey was really being made ill by the power of suggestion, tried to get in touch with the rest of the girls and end the joke. But Florence Knight did not appear for breakfast and so did not hear the discussion.

And it was Flo who stopped Blossom on her way out after chapel. "It doesn't agree with you to get up early, does it?" she began, sympathetically.

Hinkey shook her head. "Oh, I was sick long before that. There's been something the matter with me for a couple of days. I'm surely glad I'm going home tomorrow. But I'll see Doctor John after the third class hour."

"Do you want to get a doctor? Wouldn't it be better to see Miss Wood at the gym? She'd know what to do."

"That's true. I might see if I can find her." She moved painfully across the campus. Flo was half-tempted to run after her and explain everything. But the thought that the joke belonged to the rest of the girls and so she had no right to give it away checked her.

But at noon the girls had news for her. Margaret had gone up to Blossom's room and discovered that she had left and had taken her suitcase. Then, alarmed, she had telephoned Miss Wood. The gymnastic instructor had told her that Blossom had come to her, and following her orders had gone home a day early.

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THE MAGIC OF AN APRON

By Eliza L. Carleton

Illustrated by M. O. Stone

MRS. MONTGOMERY led the way into the dining room of the *Overflow*.

"I beg your pardon, girls, for keeping you waiting so long," she said. "I was detained by a canvasser, the second this morning. I never saw them so numerous nor so persistent."

"If you'll lend me Ellen's apron, I'll shoo them away for you Mrs. Montgomery," said Lucille.

The *Overflow* was a large house next to Mrs. Randlett's Boarding School for Girls. Mrs. Randlett's houses were filled as usual this year, and still there were girls wanting rooms. Accordingly, Mrs. Montgomery had opened her heart and home to the overflow, and the house had been named in their honor.

"I believe her," said Editha Hitchcock. "Ellen's apron is the magic by which she accomplishes all sorts of wonders."

"It surely is," said Mrs. Montgomery, with a smile for Lucille, as she thought of the hard times at the beginning of the year and wondered what they would have done without Lucile in Ellen's apron.

It was during those days that an epidemic had been raging in the town Mrs. Montgomery, Ellen and two of the girls had been taken suddenly ill. Mrs. Montgomery had tried to get a woman as well as a nurse, to help with the work, but neither was to be found for love or money. When Mrs. Randlett's school closed, owing to the severity of the epidemic, Lucile had borrowed Ellen's apron and come to the rescue of Mrs. Montgomery. Because her eyes were blue and her hair flaxen, the girls had dubbed her Gretchen. She appointed herself their leader and set them about various tasks—nursing and washing dishes, while she attended to the cooking. Several of the girls were adepts with the chafing dish, as their rarebits gave testimony, but few were able to do more than make fudge or an occasional cake. Lucile had cooked and seasoned with the skill of a Parisian chef, and saved the day for them.

They were all silent for a few moments thinking of those days, when Editha interrupted them by repeating:

"Can she make a cherry pie, Billie Boy, Billie Boy,
Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billie?"

She can make a cherry pie in the twinkling of your eye,
and, oh, you should taste her chocolate eclairs."

"Indeed you should," added Madeline Brown, "and her broiled salmon and hot biscuits."

"What can't she do?" asked Emily Luce. "Echo answers nothing."

"Say 'Thank you,'" said Edith to Lucile.

"Mrs. Montgomery, please," said Lucile, "will you call this meeting to order and make them change the subject of conversation? Let's talk about the Groton hop. I'm dying to go but I don't know a single Groton man."

"They are all single, my dear," said Emily Earle.

"Send over a box of Brownies and you'll have them all at your beck and call," added Madeline.

Groton College was situated in Harpswell, ten miles from Mrs. Randlett's school. The boys were frequent Saturday afternoon callers at the boarding school and Mrs. Randlett's girls were in great demand for the hop which was the event of the Junior year at Groton. Editha's brother had been a Groton man and she had several acquaintances among his friends. The result was she had received an early invitation to the affair.

It was Lucile's first year at board-



"I do not understand. Do you speak German?" she asked.

ing school. She was a western girl and had no acquaintance at Harpswell. In the ordinary course of events she might have met several of the college men, but the epidemic of the winter had reduced calling to a minimum, so she had met none, and therefore had received no invitation to the hop. She loved dancing and longed to go, especially as it was the one dance of the year that Mrs. Randlett's girls were allowed to attend. The social event at the school was a dance in May to which gentlemen were invited. It was then the girls had a chance to entertain the Groton boys. Lucile knew few people in the east and was afraid that she must give up both affairs.

"Speaking of cooking brings us back to aprons and aprons to canvassers. How do you expect to get rid of them?" asked Editha.

"Wait and see," said Lucile.

Lucile and Editha were room-mates. Shortly after dinner Madeline knocked at their door.

"Let's work out this original problem in geometry, then go down for a college ice," she said.

"What, work Saturday afternoon? Never!" said Editha.

"Just this," said Madeline, "and it will be out of the way." So the three girls worked busily for a time.

"Therefore the angle ABC equals the angle DEF," said Lucile. "I'm not going to study a bit more."

"There's the postman's ring!" said Madeline. "I'll go down for the mail."

She tripped down the stairs and came back with a letter for herself.

"Oh, goody, goody," she cried. "Behold the postmark, Harpswell!"

She tore open the envelope.

"It's an invitation to the hop," she said.

"Poor little me," said Lucile, "I'm so glad you are going Madeline. Edie, you'll simply have to conjure up a man for me. I don't know one this side of Chicago. It isn't only the hop, but there is our dance in May. What shall I do then?"

"I wish I could ask Bobbie Baxter. I saw him a good deal this summer," said Editha. "He is awfully nice. Even if I dared, he probably has a partner by this time."

"There is another canvasser," exclaimed Madeline, who was sitting by the window. "He has a book under his arm."

"Excuse me," said Lucile, bounding from the bed, which by the use of a cover and pillows, was transformed into a couch. "Me for Ellen's apron and the door."

She hurried down the back stairs and met Ellen just as the bell rang.

"Quick, Ellen, let me take your apron. I want to play maid and answer the bell."

"Here it is," said Ellen, who would have given her head quite as willing if Lucile had asked for it.

Lucile donned the apron and hastened to the door.

There stood a young man with a black book under his arm, a nice looking young man, to be sure, with the tell-tale sign of his office not even concealed under his coat.

He tipped his hat. Before he could utter a word, Lucile spoke, and felt she would slay him with her words.

"I do not understand English," she said in German, trying to look innocent and bland.

"I speak German," quickly replied the man, with a smile, in the same language. Lucile felt she was the one upon whom the blow had descended.

Her knowledge of German was limited. How much did he know? She had not foreseen that the canvasser might know the language, so few people spoke it now-a-days. She had only thought he would take her for a foreigner, ignorant of English, so that when her words fell upon his uncomprehending ears, he would turn and flee. Should she try Spanish? She knew that even less than German. Suppose he knew it, too. She knew what she would do. She would pretend that his accent was not good enough for her to understand.

"I do not understand. Do you speak German?" she asked still in that language, and striving to look perplexed.

The hope that he might slink away embarrassed, was in vain. He was not in the least dismayed. He smiled. How bold he was! If one could confess it, how winning! Lucile was embarrassed. How did one say, "I do not want a book." Before she could form the sentence, he asked in plain English, "Is Miss Hitchcock in?"

"Oh, yes," said Lucile, "I'll speak to her."

There was no need, Editha and Madeline had been listening with muffled giggles at the head of the stairs. Before Lucile could come up, Editha descended the stairs.

"How do you do, Bob," she said. "Speaking of angels, we were talking about you this very afternoon. Lucile, my dear come back; I want you to meet Mr. Baxter. Bob, this is

Miss Gaylord. Take off your apron and join us."

Lucile tried as hard to frame excuses as she had to frame German sentences and was equally as successful. While Lucile returned Ellen's apron, Editha explained the German maid episode to Bob. She heard them laughing when she came back.

"Come in," called Editha, as her step sounded in the hall. Lucile joined in with their laughter.

"It was worse than a mid-year exam," she said, "and to think that I flunked."

"I should have flunked, too, in a minute," laughed Bob, "languages are not my strong point."

The three chatted merrily for a time.

"May I show you a book I have brought with me?" said Bob, assuming the attitude and tone of a canvasser.

Lucile's eyes rested on the book he had placed on the table when he entered. She beheld the word Photograph printed across the top.

"Are you interested in photographs?" he continued.

Then, becoming himself again he said in explanation, to Lucile: "These are some snapshots I took in Maine this summer. Editha and I were at Mt. Monhegan at the same time. Isn't that a fine surf picture, and, see, Editha, isn't this a good picture of you with the trailing yew in your hands? Here I am with your cousin Betty. Do you remember the day you snapped that? It was the day we sailed to the Life Saving Station. Here is the crew putting out the life boat. And there's the Captain. And here we are embarking for the return trip, Danny with the lobster and all. They are great, everyone of them."

"May I put you down for a copy?" he continued. "Thank you, thank you. In fact, you might keep this copy, if you wish, as this is the last town I shall canvass in the interest of (looking at the cover) Photographs. I've had such wonderful luck; the entire edition is sold."

"Is it really for me? Thank you so much," said Editha. "You don't know how much I shall enjoy it."

At this point the front door opened. A girl flitted past the reception room door and up the stairs.

"That's Alice Blake for me. I promised to go walking with her. Will you excuse me, please?" said Lucile.

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Our Party Page

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY

THE invitations bore at the top a little pipe bowl downward from which a huge green-edged bubble seemed to hang and hold within its circle the following rhyme:

In honor of March seventeen
Come to my party, sweet colleen,
And surely wear a bit o' green.
(Hostess's name)
(Hour)

The room was gay with green toy balloons dancing and bobbing from window shade cords, electric light fixtures, drawer pulls and all such available places. On one wall a big green paper moon grinned cheerfully. His large round eyes of gilt paper were particularly alluring and he had a row of gold teeth.

It was explained by our hostess that as some people suppose the moon to be made of green cheese it was entirely likely that the complexion of the man in the moon had been affected.

His presence was accounted for when a bowl of flour and a tennis ball were produced and everybody was invited to give him a "white eye." It proved less easy to land on those eyes that it had seemed to the eager contestants when they took up the ball. The best shot, or shots, were awarded little green-tied boxes full of candy.

After the Man in the Moon had had his fling, the "Ladies from Cork" were announced. Thereupon all, in comradely fashion, grouped themselves about the table upon which were two big trays of nothing but corks—little ones, middle-sized and big. Pins were conveniently handy, and an inviting supply of colored odds and ends of ribbon, cloth, silk and paper.

The person who created the loveliest Cork Lady was given a "corking" big box of homemade stuffed dates.

Meanwhile under a big green umbrella in one corner appeared a quaint old figure in a green-checked apron and shoulder shawl. Under the umbrella she displayed her wares, which consisted of very cleanly scrubbed little potatoes. These she

handed out to all applicants insisting that the eyes be counted. Upon the number of eyes depended each person's fate, so she said, and she was ready to interpret.

The system she used for reading the potatoes' eyes was a very simple one, founded on the old fortune rhyme:

Friends, foes,
Presents, beaux,
Journeys to go.

She began the rhyme and "counted out" each eye (of course so no one could hear, as this made the results much more mysterious). The word she left on at the last eye was the keynote to the clever little fortune she wove with that as a central idea. For example, if one potato had four eyes she counted: "Friends, foes, presents, beaux—" Then she proceeded to prophesy lovers galore, social triumphs, broken hearts (of rivals) and a happy marriage. Knowing everyone fairly well and being possessed of a lively imagination to boot, she was able to make many laughter-provoking "hits."

Presently the phonograph struck up some frisky music and everybody took partners for "The Little People's Dance." Each couple, sheltered beneath a wee green toadstool of a doll's parasol, danced in a circle, calling it a fairy ring.

All girls like to give parties and certainly Girl Scouts are no exception. If there is any particular kind of party you wish help with, write to us. On the other hand if you have an original idea for an entertainment, send it in. We will pay \$1.00 for any account of a party or plan for a party considered worthy of publication.

While they rested, three or four of the company, who had been let into the secret beforehand, acted out some "illustrated songs." The first was "Mother Machree." While it was being sung as a solo, the heroine of the song posed, not as in a tableau without moving, but accompanying the words with some pretty and original pantomime. Then followed in turn "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Sweet Rosy O'Grady," and that favorite old ditty with the refrain "Twas the little pigs as done it."

At supper time every lad was supplied with a green paper hat and every lass with a cunning green paper sunbonnet. Hats and sunbonnets formed in couples, and to such lively airs as "Tipperary" and "Wearin' o' the Green," marched round and round the room, and then out to the table which had been set for buffet refreshments.

For light there were candles with shades like miniature high hats, green, of course, and for a centerpiece a big clear glass punch bowl filled with lemon and limeade.

Individual potato salads in hearts of lettuce, each topped with a fat green olive, were served with harp-shaped sandwiches filled with cream cheese.

The vanilla ice cream was garnished with green maraschino cherries and there were shamrock-shaped cookies.

(A luscious second course would be those almond-paste potatoes that look so real with their cocoa-dust skins and nut eyes. Any hostess duplicating this St. Patrick's Day party and who lives in a city, can add this course to the menu as the confections can be obtained from a large candy or pastry shop, but are not easy to get in small towns.)

The favors were fascinating little green crepe paper noise-makers, which could be heard tooting down the street long after the party broke up.

Reprinted from "Around the Year with Holidays" published by the Woman's Home Companion.

AN AMBER FAIRY GODMOTHER
(Continued from Page 9)

"A new clasp is what we wish if this one cannot be repaired."

He nodded and disappeared, coming back again almost at once with another man. He held the beads in his hand, the jeweler's little black magnifying glass still screwed into his eye.

"Would you care to sell these," he asked, looking from one to the other with cautiously veiled curiosity.

"I hadn't considered it," Mrs. Robinson answered quietly, while Henrietta's eyes opened wider and wider.

"How about \$20,000?" the man murmured, suavely.

Mrs. Robinson looked noncommittal and said nothing although she did some rapid thinking.

Henrietta steadily repressed an urgent desire to cheer.

"Then perhaps \$30,000?" he urged. "We'd give you our certified check for that amount."

"Now?" Mrs. Robinson knew the astonishment she felt was easily shown in her amazed voice.

"Yes, right now," came the prompt assurance.

"Well, I'll sell it for that price," she answered. "But I'm just curious to know why you want it. We have already been offered a good sum for it in New York. Why do you wish to buy it?"

"As soon as I give you your money," the man replied, eagerly, getting out his check book, "and you have signed over to us your claim, then I'll tell you."

The certified check and the necklace changed hands.

"Now, Mrs. Robinson, you have the secret," he smiled, in evident relief. "See—look here closely." He traced out under the glass the faint but clearly discernible letters J. de N.

She nodded in perplexity.

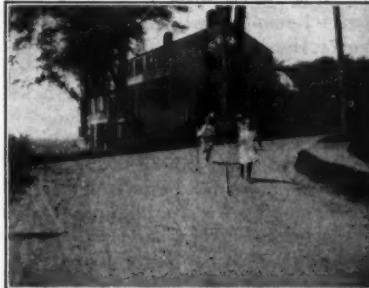
"I see but I don't see," she admitted, while Henrietta's dilated eyes threatened to bulge permanently from their sockets.

"'Josephine de Napoleon,'" he quoted, triumphantly. "This is a necklace Napoleon gave to Josephine his empress years ago. Hence the Josephine from Napoleon. On each amber crystal is carved this J. de N. Eventually the necklace was stolen, partly traced and then lost

again. In Europe it is naturally a very highly prized heirloom and a reward of \$60,000 has been offered for its safe return. So you see now," he added, in frank elation, "why we offered you \$30,000. It's a matter of 50-50."

Mutely unbelieving, Mrs. Robinson pocketed the check and she and Henrietta, now reduced to almost complete speechlessness, staggered from the shop.

"I suppose you know our duty," Mrs. Robinson said at length, while they boarded an uptown car and headed from the Lake Shore Drive.



I'll run like the wind,
I'll fly like a bird,
If I can't come in first
I'll be second or third!

ALICE M. CAHILL.

"Those Barnards! I knew it," Henrietta groaned in despair. "We'll end up with neither necklace or money! O, why are we cursed with a conscience!"

Silence fell between them for their thoughts were alike busy and bitter.

"It's just the horrible Robinson luck all over again!" Henrietta flamed.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Barnard were at home and received their guests, whom they had not seen face to face for years, cordially.

Mrs. Robinson plunged at once into her tale. Henrietta helped out with feeling description and telling adjectives, while their hosts listened in amazement only smiling at the girl's vivid dramatic manner.

"So here, Kate," Mrs. Robinson ended, holding out the jeweler's check, "is your money. I wouldn't feel right if I kept it for I'd know all the time that it belonged to you."

Mr. Barnard burst out laughing as his wife firmly restored the paper back into her cousin's hand.

"The joke's on us, Kate." He threw back his head and chuckled aloud. "Here I've prided myself for years on being such a connoisseur that nothing could escape me! Pride surely does get a jolt once in a while."

"Jane Robinson," Mrs. Barnard exclaimed, feelingly, "take this money and don't be silly. It's yours—every penny of it. And now I suppose that this charming child of yours will get her wish of more college." She smiled across into the dark eyes.

"If your boys are as worth while, Jane, as this girl of yours is," Mr. Barnard remarked, contemplatively, his quizzical eyes fixed on the glowing Henrietta, "I think it's high time we knew each other better. It sort of makes me wish I had some of my own. Come on with me." He beckoned mysteriously to her and together they left the room while the two women felt the years slip from their shoulders and were soon deep in reminiscences.

A little later Henrietta danced in again resplendent in a flaming orange kimono heavy with gorgeous embroidery and over her arms a long Canton crepe shawl.

"In place of the necklace," she announced in ecstasy.

The Barnards late that afternoon sent them home in their big, luxurious car. But before they left Chicago Henrietta, spurred on by Mrs. Barnard, saw to it that her mother was completely outfitted in everything new from hat and suit down to shoes and stockings.

"Anyone as horribly rich as you are," her daughter counselled, "must look the part."

So two very happy Robinsons waved a goodbye while the childless Barnards who had suddenly waked up, promised to run over the very first of the week.

"And now all four of us can have college," Henrietta sighed, blissfully.

"And a nice, thick, juicy steak for supper to-night," murmured her mother, as blissfully.

"Well," asserted Henrietta, stoutly, as they drew up before their own gate and her father and brothers tumbled down the steps to greet her, "never, never again will I say that nothing ever happens and that there are no fairy godmothers nowadays."

THE END

I HAVE been a Girl Scout for nine years, and as some of you are comparatively new in the Organization, I thought perhaps you'd like to know how we started, what we were like in the beginning, and just how far we have progressed in this period of time. Of course, I know there are those who will read this, and who will remember just what I am going to tell you, but they won't mind it being brought back to them, because they're proud that we've grown so much.

It seems only a year since the Organization was an infant, and instead it has been over nine years.

It's a grand and glorious feeling that comes o'er me when I stand back and view the Organization as it stands today; a sturdy, strong, representative body of Americans, doing their utmost to uphold everything that is good and true in the lives of its members, and to have an influence along these lines in the lives of each and everyone with whom they may come in contact.

When Mrs. Low started the movement in this country, and a dozen or so girls became the first Girl Scout Troop in the United States, it was right here in Savannah, Georgia. My age prevented me from becoming a member, and the second troop was formed before I was old enough to join. It was then the rule that one must be eleven years of age to enroll, and to my sorrow I was only ten. But a few months after that I had a birthday, and I was enrolled as a member of the second troop organized, which was called the Sun Flower Troop or Patrol. Each group of girls forming a troop was designated by the name of a flower which they selected. At first the Organization was called the Girl Guides, and the name was afterward changed by the girls themselves, to the Girl Scouts.

At the beginning we didn't have uniforms, but we soon acquired them. They were of dark blue cotton material. They were given to us at first, already cut out, supposedly to fit the different sizes of girls, but they didn't fit very well. The girls were not allowed to buy the material and make their own uniforms, for fear they would not make them according to regulations, and then, too, the color might be slightly different. The uniform was of two pieces, a middy blouse and a gathered skirt. The triangular tie was of light blue sateen. There weren't any hats, but we wore black hair ribbons or none at all, and black shoes and stockings.

Considering the merits of the Organization, there wasn't very much

SCOUTING YESTERDAY AND TODAY

By A Pioneer Scout

enthusiasm displayed at first, especially upon the part of Captains or Leaders. It might be hard to believe, but I remember when I would go to Scout Headquarters and sit all afternoon alone waiting for someone to come so that a meeting could be held. I really believe that the troop of which I was a member had six or seven leaders in about four years, and sometimes for periods of two or three months we wouldn't have any leader at all. That was a drawback, but we're none the worse for it.

The Headquarters which we had then are the same that are now in use in Savannah. There was no National Headquarters, no Scout Council, and no Scout Commissioner.

It is said that all great things have small beginnings, this is absolutely true of the Girl Scouts. It may not have lasted but two or three years, had it not been for the generosity and untiring efforts of Mrs. Low, the Founder of the Organization. She entirely financed all of the activities of the troops in Savannah, and she also financed the activities of troops which were formed in other cities, there being no National Headquarters or dues at this time.

I've told you a lot about the uniform and the trials and tribulations of the early years, so to speak, but I haven't said a word about the things we really did.

Of course, there were athletics, basketball especially, and tennis. We had a basketball tournament, in which all the teams played against each other, and I never will forget it, because our team, the Sun Flowers, won only one game. I don't know how it happened, but we just couldn't win. We had lots of fun out of these games, and they did great things toward establishing the principle of team work.

We went on hikes into the country and collected leaves and flowers. Some of us went out to the Scout Camp at Lowlands, outside of Savannah, and studied about the birds, and

also about the plants and flowers that we collected. These lessons were very generously given by a botanist who lived near the Lowlands Camp.

In the early years of the life of the Girl Scout Organization, there were three splendid camps, one each year, which were attended by about thirty girls each time. These camps were held on Warsaw Island, and were only for Savannah Scouts. We lived a regular camp life. All helped to do the work, and there were awards for the neatest, etc. There were camp fires and songs every night, and there was a big fancy dress party, at which the girls had to get their costumes from what they had brought down to camp, which was very little. The party was a surprise, and was lots of fun. We also slept on army cots on the beach, right out under the stars, and sometimes the ocean would rise so high, we would have to get up and move the cots back to keep from getting wet. We had to get up so very early that we saw the sun rise every morning on the ocean. It was wonderful.

Now, I don't want you to get the idea that we played all the time, because we didn't. During a certain length of time at each of our meetings, we were taught to sew, making garments for ourselves, or clothing for poor children. We were also taught to cook. Then, too, nearly all of the troops made scrapbooks for the children in the hospital wards at Christmas time.

It is needless to tell you what has been done by the girls during the last six years, for the public has finally come to a realization of the fact that we are doing things. In the early years we were very active, but the majority of people knew nothing about it. You have only to look around you and see what progress has been made in the matter of uniforms, organization and membership.

Today there are Girl Scouts troops in nearly every large city in the United States, and in many small ones. We have a National Headquarters that is the central point for all things pertaining to Girl Scouts. We also have in each city where there are Girl Scout Troops, Girl Scout Councils, made up of representative women and men of their community.

One of the newest additions to the Organization is the idea of the Senior Girl Scout, whereby Girl Scouts who have been members of the organization, and who work during the day, may attend meetings at night and still be members and take

(Continued on Page 28)

THE PRACTICAL SCOUT— INDOORS AND OUT

Edited by Eliza Morgan Swift

Commissioner of Colorado Springs



CAMP FIRE WOODS

Two common woods that make excellent fuel are hickory and dogwood. They slip easily, burn readily, and leave a lasting bed of coals that makes a perfect cooking fire.

If you are forced to cut your fuel from standing timber seek high ground away from stream or lake as wood growing by the water's edge or in low, damp ground will not burn well.

Roughly classified the hard woods are slow burning and coal producing while soft woods will yield a quick hot fire that is soon over with. *Woods Which Will Not Burn Readily When Green*

Basswood, balsam, white and black pine, poplar, sycamore, water oak, buckeye, black ash, tamarack, box elder, and sassafras.

Such woods are good for back and side logs.

Woods Which Burn Slowly When Green

Butternut, persimmon, chestnut, red oak, and red maple.

These make good night woods.

Woods Which Split Easily When Green

Hickory, dogwood, birch, sugar maple, beech, and slippery elm.

A SHOULDER HOLSTER FOR YOUR KODAK

It's the little annoyances and inconveniences that trouble one along the trail and lead to frayed nerves and ruined dispositions at night, when by rights one should light his pipe and lie down to rest, at peace with all the world. Yet with a little experimenting almost every one of these petty troubles can be easily eliminated.

Take the kodak, for instance. It's indispensable, but if it is larger than vest-pocket size how it does get in the way! Leaving it in the pack is out of the question, for every turn of the trail may present an opportunity where accessibility of the kodak alone will score. If carried on the belt its weight cuts into the waist; slung from the shoulder, tourist style, the rough going on the trail keeps it continually banging on the hips



and catching in the brush; carrying it in the hand almost worries one to death.

Yet how simply it is all solved. Just shorten up the strap on the case so that it is barely long enough to go over the left shoulder and suspend the kodak snugly under the left arm.

Girls, this is just a sample page of ideas picked up from people who, like ourselves, are looking for the interesting things in the world about them and are also trying to find the simplest methods for doing the practical things. THE AMERICAN GIRL hopes to give you every month a lot of this helpful knowledge and suggestion.

And who do you suppose is going to furnish this fund of valuable information? "The editor?" you say? Oh, no indeed, not I. An editor sits with a big pair of shears and a big blue pencil and snips and marks up other people's inspirations. Guess again, girls! What is that? Did I hear a timid voice say "mine"? Why, yes, to be sure it is going to be yours! All of yours. "Mine" is just the word; for these columns are going to be a veritable gold mine of Scout ideas. Every Scout, every Captain, every Commissioner, every member of every Committee is going to dig up something that she knows and that the rest of us would like to know and send it in, in the form of a bit of information or a practical suggestion, for this page.

Make your article as short as possible so as to give the other contributors a chance, and address it to the Practical Scout Editor, care THE AMERICAN GIRL, 189 Lexington Ave., New York Cir.

pit, like a pistol holster. There it hangs safely, out of the way, but where it can be gotten at in an instant. My own 3A has been carried thus for many miles, on rough trails, and so easily does it ride that I am never aware of its presence until I need it.

P. M. FINK.

The material on this page is reprinted by the courtesy of All Outdoors, Inc.

KEEPING BUTTER

Butter will keep well in a hot climate, with flavor little impaired, if thoroughly boiled, skimming off the scum as it rises till the melted butter is clear as oil, and then sealing it in airtight jars or cans.

Another method, borrowed from the Indians, is to melt it with slippery-elm bark, in the proportion of a dram of the latter to a pound of butter, keeping them heated together a few minutes, and then straining off the fat.

EMERGENCY POCKET KIT

Secure a cigarette case of "leath-ette" or fiber, whittle a white pine block to fit nicely inside, and bore half a dozen holes vertically in the wood. Each of these holes is to take a tiny bottle which you can get from the drug store for next nothing.

I filled mine with:

Tablets of permanganate of potash, in case of snakebite.

Iodine for snags or cuts.

Oil of cloves for an unexpected toothache.

Little round sharpening stone to edge up my hunting knife.

Three good needles in a vial.

Ten feet of strong No. 8 thread or carpet warp.

Plug of beeswax.

Matches to add to my other reserve.

I put a large rubber band around the case and prop it into my pocket when starting on a long hike.

B. F. CRAIG.

BANDAGES FROM INNER TUBES

The strips of inner tubes used by "Road Service" tire repairers for fastening extra tires which they carry may be made very useful for accidents in the woods.

They will fasten a bandage or a splint, or support an injured arm. A strained or sore ankle or wrist will be much relieved if one of these little strips is properly applied. Slipped across the instep, they will prove to be good "anti-skid" soles for an emergency.

Other unexpected troubles will be solved by the ingenuity of the person who carries them along.

MILLARD CROWDUS.



SCRIBES' CORNER

AMARILLO, TEXAS

In honor of their parents and a few friends, a beautiful pageant, setting forth the various stages of "American Girlhood" was given by Troop 2 of the Amarillo Girl Scouts, under the direction of the troop captain, Mrs. B. F. Harper, in the annex of the Central Presbyterian Church. Miss Millicent Lahm had charge of the music.

The various costumes worn by the girls were unusually beautiful, and a series of delightful vocal and instrumental numbers were also enjoyed.

The "American Indian Girl," with her long, dark braids, rich garments and beaded ornaments, was ably represented by Miss Victoria Scanlin, while a reading portraying Indian life was given by Miss Frances Powell. Then the "Puritan Maiden" appeared, in her quaint white cap and kerchief and modest gown of grey, represented by Louise Worrell. A Dutch dance was given by Misses Elizabeth Chandler and Ena Dunaviski, and Betsy Ross, represented by Miss Mary Elizabeth McLellan, and her helpers, Mary Frances Campbell, and Bessie Conway gave the scene of the making of the first American Flag. Mae McClure, dressed in a college gown and cap, represented the "Girl Graduate," and the "Boston Tea Party" was portrayed in an interesting manner by Lillian Kritsinger, Charlotte and Starrett, with a reading by Ernestine Williams.

Another delightful scene was one taken from Louise Alcott's "Little Women," being represented by Mary Nobles, Marjorie Neely, Wanda Cates, and Willie Mae Dyer.

"American Girlhood During the World War" was represented by Miss Reba Renson wearing the costume of a Red Cross nurse, and was made unusually impressive and beautiful, with the singing of the song "The Rose of No Man's Land." Miss Alma Roach took the part of the "Western Girl," and "Little Miss Up-to-Date" was portrayed by Lucile Pringle, who sang and danced in a most charming manner, and last but not least, in its beauty was the "American Girl Scout," presented by Katherine Crudington, together with a reading and tableaux, setting forth the slogan of the Girl Scouts, "Purity," "Rosy Thoughts," "Silvery Words" and "Golden Deeds," being portrayed by Bessie James, Iris Little, June Kohler and Marjorie Gillum.

The evening was one of great enjoyment and the guests were refreshed with punch and wafers served by six of the Girl Scouts.

AUGUSTA, ME.

The Acme theatre was crowded to its doors with the parents and friends of the boys and girls who make up the local troop of the Boy and Girl Scouts to see them in frolic and song as minstrels.

The stage setting was an exquisite blending of light blue and black. The chorus was attired in the regulation scout suits and were augmented by four boys in "School Days" garb of overalls and dirty shirts. The girls' quartet were very prettily dressed in dainty crepe paper dresses of pink and blue.

Doyle Voutour made a wonderful interlocutor in his evening suit. Miss Catherine Woodside presided at the piano in a most acceptable manner and was assisted by the Douglas Melody men from Augusta. The jokes were snappy and provoked much merriment as each one was sprung on the local people. The burnt cork artists holding down the ends were Charles Webb, Harry Gallagher, Lawrence Woodside, Melvin Heald, Robert Vickery, and Charles Hippler. Every number on the program was a decided hit and a whole lot of credit is due Oscar W. Bigelow who superintended the production.

Following the minstrel show the remainder of the evening was given over to a social dance with music furnished by Douglas' Melody Men.

OUTDOOR SPORTS CARNIVAL

Saturday, January 28, was the great day for Minneapolis and St. Paul scouts. After meeting and registering for all the skating and skiing events, the scouts were lined up. The skating took place on a splendid strip of ice on Como Lake, and the skiing and tobogganing at Robinson's Hole, Como Park.

The first skating event was the relay race. The scouts in groups of four were divided into two's, and one group placed 100 yards opposite the other. When the signal was given, the first scout skated with an orange banner to her partner, 100 yards across the ice; the partner then skated back to the scout waiting at the starting point, and so on until the fourth scout had the banner back at the starting point. A very good race for any outdoor activity. Minneapolis scouts won second place in this race.

Then the 100-yard dashes took place. St. Paul scouts won this event.

Backward speed skating brought Minneapolis scouts in third.

The distance snowball throwing gave Minneapolis a chance to win first place.

Minneapolis scouts had a good time and appreciate being asked to come and take part.

Our Field Captain is especially proud of every scout who took part and played with such fine scout spirit.



"The Pine Cones"—Troop 1—Orange, Calif.

HOME NEWS

SCOUTING

I saw a troop of Girl Scouts
Go marching down the street,
Eight happy, jolly Girl Scouts
In their uniforms so neat.
And I wished I were among them—
They looked so strong and fine—
And I vowed I soon would join them
Among their marching line.

I, with a troop of Girl Scouts,
Went marching down the street,
We were happy, jolly Girl Scouts
In our uniforms so neat.
And passing down along the line
They cheered us on our way,
For we had come to camping time
And we were off that day.

For it's "Girl Scouts, Girl Scouts,"
That joyous, happy sound,
"Girl Scouts, Girl Scouts"
All the world around.
A-camping and a-marching,
Dispelling grief and woe,
It's "Girl Scouts, Girl Scouts,"
We're singing as we go.

M. F.

BISMARCK, N. DAK.

We are the Sakakawea Girl Scouts, Troop 2, of Bismarck, N. Dak. We have been organized about a year, now, and all of us, except the girls recently taken in, are Tenderfeet, and a large number are Second Class Scouts. There are twenty-four members, three officials in the troop, and three patrols. We have a meeting once a week, discuss business matters and give a short program. All the girls are very enthusiastic, and our leader, who has been with us practically all the time since we first organized, is very well liked by us all.

At the close of school, we went camping. Our camping trip was a great success, in spite of the fact that it rained part of the time, and our clothes were badly soaked. But we all enjoyed it and were sorry when the two weeks' excursion was over.

During the summer we suspended activities, because most of the girls spent at least a part of the summer out of town. Early in the autumn we had a hike, and, of course, a good time. In November we had a party, which some consider the crowning success of the year. Part of the girls dressed up as boys, and all of us wore costumes befitting every part and stage of life. Each girl brought her own refreshments, and we found that this was a good way to do, as it



Girl Scouts parade in front of Christodora House in Manhattan, N. Y.

was economic, and did not leave any litter to clean up. In December, when the Anti-Tuberculosis Christmas Seal drive was on, some of the girls sold seals. At the high school basketball games we very often sell candy, and large sums have been made this way.

Altogether, we consider that this has been a very successful year, and we are looking forward to just such another successful year in 1922.

We have just shown the "Golden Eagle" at one of the theatres here, and enjoyed it very much.

One of our Scouts lives two miles out in the country, and for every meeting she drives into town. That is the kind of girls we have up here in the "North Country."

A SAKAKAWEA GIRL SCOUT.

APPLETON, WIS.

Scouting in Appleton has been making some rapid strides in the past few months. The Shamrock Troop are all that their name implies and are Girl Scouts from the bottom up. They have done a lot in advertising Scouting here, by different demonstrations—marching in patriotic and other parades. Just last week, they gave an "Old Fashioned Dancing Party" for about two hundred people. We opened with the Scout Opening Ceremony and from that the girls went into the grand march and went through it like little soldiers. We had some real old-fashioned numbers all during the dance and just before each one the Scouts demonstrated them so as to refresh their parents' and others' minds.

BROAD CHANNEL, N. Y.

Although the population of Broad Channel during the winter months is seldom more than 1,000 persons, the little island during the past few years has grown considerably, and from present indications will be one of the leading Rockaway resorts before long.

In addition to several civic organizations, two churches and a well-established Fire Department, a Boy and Girl Scout troop were organized recently. Edwin A. Osborne, a member of The Eagle staff, who formed the two latter organizations, has been promised the use of the present White Cross headquarters after they move into the hospital building, about the middle of next month, for a museum of natural history. As no educational institution other than the school is located on the island, it is the intention of Mr. Osborne to appoint members of the Scouts as curators, who will arrange for the collection and assortment of the various specimens.

As the establishment of a museum by Boy and Girl Scouts on an island such as Broad Channel is the first experiment of its kind, teachers of scientific subjects are manifesting interest, and have offered their assistance to the project.

The museum was opened in May. Nothing but mounted animals, birds and reptiles are exhibited and species of flowers and fish.

Philadelphia Girl Scouts

Edited by
FRANCES CLARK
Director

TRAINING COURSE

The officers, who last summer attended the Training Camp, were not satisfied until it was promised them that Mrs. Mundy should come down and give them some more training and so we have recently completed a ten-day Intensive Course which was faithfully and enthusiastically attended by an average of forty officers every night.

There was one patrol (The Eagle) entirely made up of the graduates from last summer's course. There was another patrol of officers from New Jersey, lead by Miss Stricker. They called themselves the Thunder Patrol and originated the following song to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland":

We stand for Scouts that you can trust,

Thunder Patrol, Thunder Patrol.
We'll stir the air and raise the dust,
Thunder Patrol, Thunder Patrol.
We'll be the leaders that we should
We'll turn out Scouts both brave
and good,

We'd be Mrs. Mundys if we could,
Thunder Patrol, Thunder Patrol.

Then there were three more patrols made up equally of old and new officers. The Eagle Patrol gave Mrs. Mundy a dinner one evening at Bookbinders where those who like shore dinners flock and consume steamed clams and broiled live lobster to their heart's content.

Another evening (so a little bird told us) Mrs. Mundy was invited to a birthday party at an Italian restaurant and the last evening the entire Training School dined together and made as much noise and sang as many songs as they wanted, Miss MacGowan having reserved a room for them at one of the small restaurants.

But the entire ten-day course wasn't taken up with dinner-parties and eating lobsters.

No, indeed! Mrs. Mundy had us on the move, not to say gallop. Fat ones and thin ones, old ones and young ones were tearing around that armory learning how to drill, play

games, and do folk dancing. A hike and cooking in the open also came in for participation, winter notwithstanding. And then there were the Brownie exercises and games to be learned!

Altogether it was a glorious success and we hope some time to have just such another one.

HONOR ROLL

Troop No. 25, District 2—93 per cent.—Captain Eleanore Fei.

Troop No. 143, District 7—94 per cent.—Captain Eudora Feaster.

Troop No. 61, District 7—91 per cent.—Captain Hingley.

Troop No. 14, District 8—96 per cent.—Captain Church.

ACTIVITIES OF GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 110

The Pollyanna Scouts are still alive and resolved to become better sincere Scouts in the year 1922.

On January 19th a New Year's Concert was given for the elderly carriers of our store home. It was held on Scout Mothers' Night, but the Daddies came also. A luncheon was given at 5:45 after which the concert took place, sixty Girl Scouts took part, also the little Brownie sisters and brothers.

The Christmas Carol of Charles Dickens was one of the main features of the evening, besides four other sketches, recitations, fancy dancing and solos.

The Pollyannas find plenty to do and are willing to do, even though they are business girls.

POLLYANNA GIRL SCOUTS,
CAPTAIN MARGARET SCHALLER.

AN OPERETTA

I don't believe we remembered to tell you about our operetta, "The Stolen Flower Queen." It was a great success, with a hundred and thirty scouts taking part.

The characters were: A Flower Queen and a Fairy Queen who were the heroines. Then there was a villain who was the Weed King—this was the only part taken outside of the Scouts. Then there was a chorus of flowers, the retinue of the Flower Queen and a chorus of Weeds, the followers of the Wicked Weed King. The South Wind brought in her train a group of butterflies, the North Wind brought Jack Frost and the Snowflakes, East Wind, Indian Fays and Autumn Leaves, and West Wind, Chrysanthemums. Then also there was a troop of Girl Scouts who were the champions of the occasion and saved the Beautiful Flowers from the Wicked Weeds and lastly, but mostly there were Miss Ginder's

Brownies who took the part of fairies and made the evening the success it was.

There was some really beautiful dancing done by these fairies who have the advantage of being members of one of Miss Ginder's dancing classes.

The music is very catchy and if anyone would like to know more about this Operetta we shall be very glad to give them any information we can.

CAKE AND CANDY SALE

Troop No. 39 held a cake and candy sale in the meeting room of the Palethorpe Memorial Church. It was very successful considering the unfavorable conditions of the weather and a clear profit of twenty-one dollars was made.

CHANGE OF CAPTAINS

There are several troops feeling very dejected at Miss Israel's departure for Washington to take up a course of study. The only silver glimmerings through an otherwise very dark cloud are the facts that her absence will only be for four months after which she expects to return to us and also that Miss Strain, in the meantime, is taking her place. This almost makes for consolation.

A VALENTINE PARTY

The Leaders' Association in place of a business meeting on February 1st had a Valentine Party. Somehow or other whenever there is more than \$15.00 in the treasury, be it troop or be it officers, the sound of so much money throws them in a frenzy and they start clamoring for a party. Hence the Valentine Party.

Miss Feaster's patrol had charge of the games and the program was excellent. There was a spider web of strings which when you unraveled might reward you with a beautiful valentine paper doll, a lolly-pop or nothing at all.

There were heart (candy) hunts, a letter box from which everyone received at least one valentine, and a delightful stunt competition. Each guest on arriving was given a card in which was written the name of the member of whichever family she was to represent. Each family had six members. There were the Turpin family, the Pepper family, the Pickleweight family, the Nut family, and several others. The Pepper family won the prize by sneezing themselves to death.

Miss Martin's and Miss MacGowan's patrols had charge of the refreshments and did nobly by overfeeding everyone.



SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



The letter given below has been sent to us from Washington. We are sure that all Girl Scouts will be interested to read it—as well as the article, given on this page, about the life of this little Russian girl, great granddaughter of our famous General Grant.

1711 New Hampshire Ave.,
Washington, D. C.,
January 29, 1922.

Dear Scouts:

I've just joined your organization and have passed my Tenderfoot test. I have also just gotten my uniform and it feels very nice to be a Girl Scout in America after all the bad times in Russia.

When I repeat my pledge, I think of Russian refugee children and how they would like to be repeating in their own home country instead of being all scattered in foreign lands.

I often think of all these little refugee compatriots of mine who are cold and hungry and I wish so much you would help me to gather clothes for them.

They need them terribly, so please do!

With thanks for everything you can give,

Your affectionate fellow scout,
IDA CANTACUZENE SPERANSKY.

ONE of the most recent additions to the membership of Washington Girl Scouts is little Princess Ida Cantacuzene, daughter of Prince and Princess Michael Cantacuzene Speransky of Russia.

Princess Ida is a little Russian refugee who with her parents and her debutante sister, Princess Bertha, is spending the winter with her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant.

This little girl of twelve is thoroughly enjoying her stay in Washington, where she is meeting all of the old friends of her mother's family. She is hearing wonderful tales of the days when her distinguished great grandfather led the armies of the United States to victory through the Civil War, and charming stories of the little baby girl who was born in the White House when the famous war general was President of the United States. This White House baby was Julia Grant, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant and namesake of the President's wife. Little Julia Grant traveled long and extensively and played

and studied in many strange cities and lands but through her life often followed story book lines, she never once thought of really meeting a fairy prince or being a princess. However, according to the best accepted fairy godmother pre-arrangements, this is just what did happen to her. After a time, she found herself a real Princess with a real castle in the heart of far away Russia that was the center of a vast estate of about thirty thousand acres with great responsibilities and many duties as well as pleasures. Here little Princess Ida, as well as her big brother and sister, were born and spent wonderful years of playtime.

With the great war, the wonderful life in Russia ended. Confusion, anxiety and sorrow took the place of all of the joy and good times for when the "Little Father," as the Czar was named, called to war, the peasants lay down their plows, and shouldered their guns and left their homes and families not knowing nor asking

where nor why only that they must go.

Among the earliest, because he too was a great soldier, the aide de camp to Grand Duke Nicholas, went the Prince. Very, very soon, Princess Ida, with her brother and sister, were hurried out of the noise and terror of war over to the United States where their grandmother Grant could look after them and thus keep them from being hostages of the Bolshevik who so soon came into power.

Their mother, the Princess remained in war-torn Russia helping the splendid women of that country organize and carry on relief for the soldiers and their families. War overtook Russia at a time when she too was still unprepared and there was endless work for these women to do. As the first trains of wounded came from the battlefields, there was no Red Cross with its nurses and its supplies to accompany them to ease their suffering. The train upon which Prince Cantacuzene was brought back to Petrograd, had been four days and nights on the journey and the wounded men had no attention en route whatsoever except the food the peasant women would bring them at the stations where they stopped.

The Princess remained until the illness and wounds of her husband made their departure a necessity.

Their beautiful romantic story-book castle, with all of its contents, the treasured possessions of generations, was completely destroyed by the Bolshevik and while they hold the power in Russia little Princess Ida and her family are homeless refugees from their own land.

One of the greatest joys that has come to this little girl is her association with the Girl Scouts. She has just completed her Tenderfoot test and is now entitled to the salute and to wear the uniform. She is so entranced with the activities and the good times that belong to Girl Scouts that she is continually wishing that the poor little girls of her own beloved Russia might have the opportunity to have some of this freedom and fun and sends a little note of greeting through THE AMERICAN GIRL to the Girl Scouts of the United States.



A real Russian Princess is a Girl Scout!



Girl Scout Councilors, Commissioners, Field Officers, Captains and Lieutenants—Attention!

Beginning with next month, you are going to have what we have all wanted so long—a special *Officers' Field Letter*, which is a supplement to THE AMERICAN GIRL, and will be enclosed in each Troop subscription to the magazine with no extra charge!

This will be conducted by the Field Department and edited by Mrs. Frederick Edey, Chairman of the National Field Committee.

It will be devoted to the interests of Captains, primarily, and will have all news, reports, new rulings, suggestions and bright ideas, generally.

When you get your Troop copy (which, of course, you subscribe for in your Troop's name!) you will take out this supplement, keep it for yourself, and then follow whatever your regular usage may be with the magazine.

This marks a new stage in the growth of our national magazine and one on which we know our officers will congratulate us. The editors have always regretted the lack of special captains' matter, but we knew that you would be patient with us till such time as we could meet your needs and do the girls justice at the same time.

This *Field Letter* can grow as fast as its success proves its need and Headquarters can justify the expense, and will be the nucleus of the real Captains' magazine which we hope to have some day.

So get in your Troop subscription immediately, if you are one of the few captains who has neglected this duty, and don't miss one of your *Field Letters*! Your Troop treasury can surely afford this and surely you cannot afford to be without it!

**ATTENTION!
MANHATTAN CAPTAINS!**

The National and Manhattan Councils will co-operate in taking charge of the lunch and tea room to be run in connection with the annual Flower Show. The Flower Show will be held in the Grand Central Palace

from March 12th to March 19th inclusive. Lunch will be served each day, except Sunday, from twelve to half past one o'clock; and will be under the direction of Manhattan.

Will you be able to give one or more days (from 11:45 to 2 o'clock) to help wait on tables or arrange trays in the serving room? We want to make our part a real success, and we shall need many Captains if the work is to be done efficiently.

This is our great opportunity to raise funds to meet the deficit in our annual budget.

CUP CONTEST

A Troop contest will start on January 1st and will end on May 1st. At the May Rally a loving cup will be awarded to the Troop which has earned the greatest number of points. Tenderfoot 25 points
Second Class 25 points
First Class 50 points
Merit Badges 25 points
Golden Eaglet 100 points

Promptness and perfect attendance of every Scout in Patrol, 5 points per meeting for each Patrol.

Perfect inspection of every Scout in Patrol, 5 points for the Patrol.

Home or community service when accompanied by a note from parent, showing that Scout has done one hour's extra work every day for a month, 25 points.

MANHATTAN, N. Y.

SWIMMERS' AND LIFE SAVERS' INSTITUTE

The North-East Division of the American Red Cross will hold an Institute for "Camp Aquatic Directors" in Boston, June 14-28, 1922.

Instruction will be given in swimming, life saving, waterfront protection, and first aid.

Certificates will be given after either the seven or fourteen days' course.

Apply for further information to Commodore W. E. Longfellow, "The American Swimmer," 55 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass. (Room 51).

A GOOD SUGGESTION

The Captain of a Girl Scout troop in Swampscott, Mass., says that she puts her copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL in the Public Library Reading Room. As the Scouts go there often to study reference books for school work, they find they can read the Scout news much quicker than when they pass it from one to another as someone is always sure to forget to hand it to the next one.

GOLDEN EAGLETS

Edith A. Leaman, Troop 3, Jersey City N. J. Margaret Woolridge, Troop 10, Pittsburgh, Pa. Kathryn Littermen, Troop 1, Pittsburgh, Pa. Roxa Jackson, Troop 1, Pittsburgh, Pa. Jane Ingram, Troop 27, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

A dinner was tendered to the Mothers by the members of Pansy Troop No. 3 of the Girls Scouts of Jersey City. The dinner was arranged for the purpose of having the mothers know what Scouting teaches their daughters besides bringing them in closer relationship with those in authority on Scouting.

The dinner was the accomplishment of Captain Marion Smith and the girls of the Troop and at the same time served a two-fold purpose. First it acquainted the parents with Scouting and secondly the conferring of honors on a diligent and sincere Scout, the highest honors that can be conferred, the Golden Eaglet. This honor was given to Edith Leaman, whose proficiency in more than twenty-one subjects warranted the honor. Scout Leaman is the third in Jersey City to receive the Golden Eaglet. Other honors conferred were Scout Isabel Lawrence, 8 merit badges; Scouts Palmer, Hawes and Meyers, Second Class badges; Scouts Hawes, Woods, health winners badge; Lieutenant Nelson, Scouts Kirschgesner, Meyers, Palmer, stars for attendance. The presentations were made by Abel Brown with an appropriate address to the girls and mothers.

Commissioner Wagner presented the Golden Eaglet. Councilor Ziegner addressed the parents and the girls on the truths of the Scout laws councilor, while there were addresses by Dr. Jassin and Rev. E. P. Hooper. Music and songs furnished part of the program.

The scouts were delighted to have with them the venerable Grandma Platt, who is four score and four. After the entertainment Commissioner Wagner was presented with an ebony gavel in appreciation of her scout work. Commissioner Wagner and Captain Smith being life-long friends and having been school chums, Commissioner Wagner presented Captain Smith with a bouquet. The Scouts also presented Captain Smith with a token.

The dinner was attended by nearly all the parents, the councilors and commissioner. It was voted a big success and the tables that were decorated very prettily by the girls earned their reward.

GIRL SCOUT COMMISSIONERS, 1922

- Adirondack Council, N. Y. (Glen Falls)**
Mrs. D. H. Cowles, 58 Elm St.
- Akron, Ohio**
Mrs. William Gelinek, 379 Crestwood Ave.
- Albany, N. Y.**
Mrs. L. W. Gorham, 214 State St.
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- Amsterdam, N. Y.**
Miss Dorothy Pease, 18 Northampton Road
- Arlington, Mass.**
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- Attleboro, Mass.**
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- Baldwin Co., Ala.**
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- Baltimore Co., Md.**
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- Bridgewater, Mass.**
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- Bronx, N. Y.**
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- Bronxville, N. Y.**
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- Brookline, Mass.**
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- Columbus, Ohio**
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- Cuthbert, Ga.**
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- Cuyahoga Co., Ohio (Cleveland)**
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- Dallas, Texas**
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- Denton, Texas**
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- Detroit, Mich.**
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- Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.**
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- Duluth, Minn.**
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- Dunn Center, N. D.**
Mrs. Edwin Swenson, Dunn Center
- Jacksonville, Fla. (Duval Co.)**
Mrs. Henry Clark, 2300 Riverside Ave.
- Easthampton, Mass.**
Miss N. Grace Williams, 27 Union St.
- Elizabeth, N. J.**
Mrs. Robert S. Huse, 575 Westminster Ave.
- Elmira, New York**
Mrs. C. F. Bullard, 605 Clinton St.
- Escanaba, Mich.**
Mrs. M. J. Filliom, 516 So. 11th St.
- Eureka, Kans.**
Mrs. M. W. Allen, Eureka, Kans.
- Evenleth, Minn.**
Mrs. W. F. Pellens, Jr., 4 Superior St.
- Fall River, Mass.**
Mrs. Florence Root, 38 Oliver St.
- Framingham, Mass.**
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- Gadsden, Ala.**
Mrs. Alexander Greet, Gadsden, Ala.
- Galva, Ill.**
Mrs. V. A. Wigren, 418 N. W. 4th St.
- Gloucester, Mass.**
Mrs. I. Webster Emerson, 14 Ashland Place
- Goshen, New York**
Mrs. Percy V. Gott, 16 South St.
- Greater New York**
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- Graniteville, R. I.**
Miss Lois Yeager, 27 Waterman Ave.
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- Gwinn, Mich.**
Mrs. Orie E. Brown, Gwinn, Mich.
- Hagerstown, Md.**
Mrs. E. K. Eyerly, 160 W. Washington St.
- Harrisburg, Pa.**
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- Hartford, Conn.**
Mrs. Joseph Merritt, 64 Deerfield St.
- Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.**
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- Hingham, Mass.**
Mrs. E. F. Clark, Hingham, Mass.
- Hinsdale, Ill.**
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- Hoboken, N. J.**
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- Holyoke, Mass.**
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- Hope Valley, R. I.**
Mrs. Henry D. Bailey, Hope Valley, R. I.
- Hyannis, Mass.**
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- Indianapolis, Ind.**
Mrs. D. Lawrence Chambers, 205 Chamber of Commerce
- Irvington, N. Y.**
Miss Millicent Lewis, Irvington, N. Y.
- Island of Hawaii (Hilo)**
Miss Marion Harner, 5 Ululani St.
- Island of Oahu, T. H. (Honolulu)**
Miss Agnes E. Judd, 66 Wylie St.
- Ithaca, New York**
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- Jersey City, N. J.**
Mrs. Wm. Wagner, 46 Palisade Ave., West Hoboken, N. J.
- Kalamazoo, Mich.**
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- Kane, Pa.**
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- Kenton, Ohio**
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- Key West, Fla.**
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- Ladysmith, Wis.**
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- Lancaster, Mass.**
Mrs. John E. Thayer, George Hill Road
- Larchmont, N. Y.**
Mrs. Phillip Ernst, 81 Beach Ave.
- Lawrence, Mass. (Greater Lawrence, Methuen, North Andover)**
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- Lebanon, Pa.**
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- Leominster, Mass.**
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- Lewistown, Mont.**
Mrs. Stuart McConochie, 524 W. Evelyn St.
- Lexington, Mass.**
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- Liberia, Kansas**
Mrs. M. H. Scandrett, Liberal, Kansas
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Mrs. R. G. Loring, Lexington, Mass.
- Lynnfield, Mass.**
Mrs. L. May Elder, Lynnfield, Mass.
- Lynn & Swampscott, Mass.**
Mrs. C. A. Collins, Prescott Road, Lynn
- McAlester, Okla.**
Mrs. W. Hayes Fuller, Adams Ave.
- McKenzie Co., N. D.**
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- Mahwah, N. J.**
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- Malden, Mass.**
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- Manhattan, New York**
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- Marblehead, Mass.**
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- Massachusetts (State Council)**
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- Maui, Terr. Hawaii**
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- Maynard, Mass.**
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- Medfield, Mass.**
Mrs. Daniels Hamant, Medfield, Mass.
- Medford, Mass.**
Mrs. George Batchelder, 19 Bradlee Road
- Melrose, Mass.**
Mrs. Harry A. Flanders, 93 W. Emerson St.
- Memphis & Shelby Co., Tenn.**
Judge Camille Kelley, Juvenile Court
- Middleboro, Mass.**
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- Middletown, N. Y.**
Mrs. Louis Buck, 22 Chestnut St.
- Middletown, Ohio**
Mrs. George M. Verity, 534 So. Main St.
- Milford, Conn.**
Mrs. R. Davidson, 7 Read St.

- Millis, Mass.** Mrs. Elmer Wambolt, Millis, Mass.
- Milwaukee, Wis.** Mrs. Wm. Merrill Chester, 315 Knapp St.
- Minneapolis, Minn.** Mrs. John T. Baxter, 4601 Fremont Ave. S.
- Monroe, Mich.** Miss Edna Dewey, 528 E. First St.
- Monroe, N. Y.** Mrs. N. Merwin Newbury, Monroe, N. Y.
- Montclair & Glen Ridge, N. J.** Mrs. Herbert Dutch, 258 Midland Ave., Montclair, N. J.
- Mt. Kisco, New York** Mrs. John H. Hammond, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
- Muskogee, Okla.** Mrs. P. B. Bostic, 1213 Court St.
- Nahant, Mass.** Mrs. A. M. Roland, Summer St.
- Naugatuck & Beacon Falls, Conn.** Mrs. C. L. Berger, 45 Rockwell Ave., Naugatuck
- Needham, Mass.** Mrs. Frannie B. Salt, Central Ave.
- New Bedford, Mass.** Miss Emma R. Hall, 1207 Pleasant St.
- New Britain, Conn.** Mrs. Harriett Sprague, Chamber of Commerce
- New Brunswick, N. J.** Mrs. Wm. Bearman, George Road
- Newburyport, Mass.** Mrs. Eleanor J. Little, 227 High St.
- New London, Conn.** Mrs. Chas. B. Graves, 4 Mercer St.
- New Orleans, La.** Mrs. W. A. Porteous, 1109 St. Charles Ave.
- Newport, N. H.** Miss Sara J. Chadwick, 14 Maple St.
- Newport, R. I.** Mrs. Wm. S. Sims, Naval War College
- New Rochelle, N. Y.** Mrs. John Raymond, c/o John Daly, New Rochelle Park, N. Y.
- Newton, Mass.** Mrs. Frank A. Day, Hotel Touraine
- Northampton, Mass.** Miss Clara Hudson, 277 Crescent St.
- North Hudson, N. J.** Mrs. A. O. Smith, 402 Clinton Ave., West Hoboken, N. J.
- Norwalk, Conn.** Mrs. James Doherty, 125 East Ave., Norwalk, Conn.
- Norwood, Mass.** Miss Martha Willett, 305 Walpole St.
- Pontiac, Mich. (Oakland Co.)** Mrs. L. H. Reynolds, 200 Oakland Ave., Birmingham
- Oconomowoc, Wis.** Miss Jennie Cooper, 323 Summit Ave.
- Ogden, Utah** Mrs. David Eccles, 2580 Jefferson Ave.
- Onondaga Co. (Syracuse), N. Y.** Mrs. Addie F. Case, 1372 S. Salina St.
- Ontario, Calif.** Mrs. Wm. Laidlow, West A St.
- Osterville, Mass.** Mrs. Katherine Hinckley, Osterville, Mass.
- The Oranges, N. J.** Mrs. Helen Lohrke, 101 Prospect St., East Orange
- Palm Beach, Fla.** Mrs. A. E. McLane, Fern St., West Palm Beach
- Paris, Texas** Mrs. T. M. Scott, 185 Graham St.
- Peoria, Ill.** Mrs. Chas. Ulrich, 1808 Columbia Terrace
- Pepperell, Mass.** Mrs. Albert Parker, Brookline St., E. Pepperell
- Philadelphia, Pa.** Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, Berwyn, Pa.
- Philipsburg, Pa.** Mrs. Lawshe Baird, Philipsburg, Pa.
- Pine Mountain, Ky.** Mrs. Ethel de Long Zande, Pine Mountain
- Pleasantville, N. Y. (Chappaqua & Hawthorne)** Mrs. John Curtis, Ashland Ave., Pleasantville
- Plymouth, Mass.** Mrs. Harry B. David, 224 Sandwich St.
- Pocantico Hills, N. Y.** Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Pocantico Hills, N. Y.
- Port Chester, N. Y.** Miss Laura V. Curtis, 19 Summer St.
- Portsmouth, R. I.** Mrs. Walter Chase, Bristol Ferry
- Portsmouth, Va.** Mrs. L. J. Roper, New Castle Apts.
- Providence, R. I.** Mrs. J. Nightingale, 2 Congdon St.
- Purchase, N. Y.** Mrs. Wm. M. Lasher, Purchase, N. Y.
- Quincy, Mass.** Mrs. John Powell, 79 President Lane
- Ramsey Co., Minn. (St. Paul)** Mrs. Alfred Juhe, 1264 Marshall Ave., St. Paul
- Reading, Mass.** Mrs. Rodney Brown, 89 Prospect St.
- Reading, Pa.** Mrs. C. Carr, Mt. Penn, Pa.
- Richmond, Va.** Miss Allene Stokes, Chesterfield Apts.
- Rochester, N. Y.** Miss Fannie L. Case, 3 Thayer St.
- Rock Island, Ill.** Mrs. Margaret Berry, 803 21st St.
- Rome, Ga.** Mrs. Ruth Hall, 104 5th Ave.
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EIGHTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

(Continued from Page 4)

Commodore Longfellow's remarkable demonstrations were perhaps the most popular feature of the Convention. His wonderful proof of his ability to teach the most timid novice how to swim in twenty minutes, was convincing indeed, and his interesting uses of the Scout neckerchief as ladders, slings, bandages and carriers were most practical.

THE AMERICAN GIRL takes great pleasure in informing all Girl Scout readers that we have secured the promise of a "Safety First" column every month from Mr. Longfellow, and we expect to report 112,000 expert life savers before long!

The great single event of the Convention was, of course, the unanimous election of our new president, Mrs. Herbert Hoover. Only her magnificent record, the great public weight of her name and her sincere, long time interest in Scouting could reconcile the organization to Mrs. Choate's resignation of this office. While there can be no doubt that the importance of this great National Organization warrants a great National name at its head, no future president, no matter how well known to the world at large, can ever work more devotedly for us or give more of her time and her heart to Scouting than Mrs. Choate has given, and her reception from the field can have left her in no doubt of their warm appreciation of this. Mrs. Choate was more than a Girl Scout president: she was and is a *real Girl Scout* and typifies, perhaps, more than any other one person among our leaders, the Girl Scout's aims and ideals. We all feel that, like our Founder, she leaves her office only to work for us in another way, and in this spirit we say, "Welcome!" to her and not "Goodbye!"

The final banquet brought out many prominent citizens of Savannah and more good speeches, we all agreed, than such banquets usually offer. Warm applause, in special, greeted Mrs. Hoover's address and Dean Arnold's graceful and witty speech was quite clearly delightful to the large audience.

An invitation to Washington for next year was unanimously accepted by the Convention in view of the unusual advantages offered by a city identified with our President and Honorary President, Mrs. Harding. Perhaps it was the blizzard which made us vote to hold our future Conventions in the Spring!

At the close of the Convention, a two-days' training course was held

for visiting Commissioners, and following this a week's training school for officers was conducted at Fort Tybee, under Mrs. Edey and Mrs. Storrow.

Perhaps all stay-at-homes will be thrilled to learn that every member of the National Board present was resplendent in full uniform. No doubt they will repeat this display, next year—particularly as by that time their necks will have recovered from the painful wounds inflicted by unaccustomed high collars!

Although the time seemed all too short to attend to all that we had planned, and many things were crowded in and crowded out, this Eighth Annual Convention left all the delegates eager to improve on it, next year—which is, isn't it, the best proof of its real success?

MANCHESTER, CONN.

Troop 3, Manchester, Conn., held a birthday party January 13, to celebrate its first birthday. It was organized November 5, 1920, with thirteen girls present, but was not registered until January 11, 1921. It then had thirty-two members, twenty-four of which had passed the tenderfoot test.

Last spring the troop gave the operetta, "Midsummer Eve," which is the story of a little girl who finds the fairies. All the costumes for the operetta were made by the troop committee. We cleared over \$120.00 for our uniform fund. This fund was added to by gifts and by selling home made candy at a local movie theatre.

In the fall we gave a burlesque circus, with two trained elephants, a dancing giraffe, clowns, and all the other circus favorites, and sold peanuts, popcorn, orangeade, ice cream cones, and balloons. We cleared over \$50.00 on the circus. The troop has just finished selling Touraine chocolate, from which we made \$20.

We gave a Thanksgiving dinner to a needy family, and toys at Christmas to another family, and have contributed to the Red Cross and Near East funds.

During the summer the troop went on several hikes, and attended the rally and the field day in Hartford. Nine members of the troop spent two weeks at the Scout camp at Gales Ferry.

The troop now has forty-four members, and it was voted at the birthday party to add a new patrol. We have twenty-nine Tenderfoot scouts and two Second Class scouts.

E. J. N., Capt.



Troop 1 in Swampscott, Mass., sent us this account of their Cafeteria supper, sale and dance. We believe that other localities would find it profitable to try out this idea inasmuch as they cleared \$135.72.

Our sale opened at three in the afternoon and was very profitable. In the meantime one of the scout mothers and the captain were busy in the kitchen. The menu consisted of cold boiled ham, beef loaf with hot tomato sauce, creamed potatoes, green peas, banana fritters with fruit sauce, hot rolls with butter, baked apples with whipped cream, home-made doughnuts, cheese and coffee.

At five we closed the doors and moved the sales tables over to one side of the hall and arranged the small tables. On the right of the hall we put long tables with a small desk at the lower end for the cashier. We roped off about two feet from the tables all the way down. The scouts who were behind the counter wore white aprons and paper caps.

The menu was typewritten on slips of paper and tacked up over the tables. Each article had a separate price, with the exception of the meat and potato, nearly everything cost 5 cents and we gave generous helpings. One of the scout fathers gave us 52 pounds of ham, which he bought wholesale, and refused to let us pay him, saying it was his contribution.

We opened the doors at 5:30—and found a long line waiting. Each one in turn took a tray with fork, knife and spoon and came down the roped off space. They took what they wanted and passed on to the cashier's desk where two Scouts checked up the food. The price was written on a slip and passed to the cashier (another scout) who made change. The guest went to a table and sat down. Other scouts collected the soiled dishes and trays and saw that the tablecloths (white parchment paper) were fresh.

When we closed the doors at seven we had fed one hundred and twenty-nine people. Everyone praised the supper and asked when we were to have another.



SCHOOL DAYS
WITH WESLEY BARRY

"Speck Brown" lives in the country and goes to school though he would rather go fishing—but when you have a cross old man for a guardian who carries a long switch—it's safer to obey—even though "Hippy," your dog, follows you to the door of the school carrying your long fishing pole.

When a rich uncle comes to the village and sends Speck to the city—he tries to live as a rich boy should, believing that as long as he has money everyone will want to know him whether or not he has an education. But, just how he discovers that riches do not bring happiness and decides that the country is the best place to have a good time, is shown in this picture.

PRODUCED BY HARRY RAPP AND DIRECTED BY WILLIAM NIGH



BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

The Girl Scouts of Troop 4 went on a trip through lower New York last fall.

The first place we visited was St. Paul's Church where George Washington went to worship. His pew was at the left as you enter and near the corner was an American flag of Colonial design. The front corner had a blue flag with white stars on it which was used before the American flag was made.

From there we went to Trinity Church. It is full of interest especially the graveyard where we saw the graves of Lawrence who said "Don't give up the ship," and Alexander Hamilton who was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr soon after the Revolution. We also saw Robert Fulton's grave, the inventor of the steamboat, and a statue of Isaac Watts, the founder of the Watt's Orphan Asylum.

We went to Battery Park and ate lunch. After lunch we went to the Aquarium where Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, sang for the first time in America. They keep all kinds of sea animals and fish there now.

After that we took a boat for the Statue of Liberty. When we got to the Statue some of the girls took the elevator to the fourth floor and others walked. We were told to wait at the spiral stairway and go up in a body—single file, of course. The stairs were very steep and they wound around and around. When we got to the top we looked out of the windows there. I heard someone say it was 305 feet high. Going down the stairs was worse than coming up but we got down safely.

Back to Manhattan some of the girls went again to the Aquarium and others with the Captain to the Custom House. We passed Bowling Green where the Dutch used to bowl.

A policeman told us that the Belgian Ambassador was due in a few minutes. There was a parade headed by the police band, then mounted police, followed by the Ambassador's party in automobiles.

I think we had a wonderful day, don't you?

E. L. M.

ATTENTION

Captains and Lieutenants who desire to write to English leaders please send their names to The International Post Office, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

CHESHIRE, CONN.

The Wild Rose Troop of Cheshire has never sent a letter to THE AMERICAN GIRL but has read those sent by other Scouts and we have enjoyed them.

There are only eighteen members in our troop but we have done quite a bit for others during the past year. We have had several candy sales and a play throughout the year but the money we made we put in the treasury until we had saved quite a large sum. In the fall we drew some of it out and bought sixteen dolls which were given to the girls to dress.

On the tenth of December we turned our dolls all dressed over to our Captain, also twenty lolly-pops dressed in gay crepe paper dresses, which were packed and sent to New York, where they were given to poor children. We know they were appreciated because we received a letter afterward telling how glad the children were to receive them. The dolls were not expensive but were so prettily dressed that they would please any child.

We had used only a small amount of our money so we decided to help some one else. We found out from our district nurse of a poor family with several children who would not have a very enjoyable Christmas. Each girl brought one thing and the rest was bought with our Scout money until we had a very nice Christmas dinner made up for the family.

We hope to tell of more of our activities some time but now we will close with best wishes to the other Girl Scouts.

L. P.,
Secretary of the Wild Rose Troop,
No. 2.

GOUVERNEUR, N. Y.

The Girl Scouts of Gouverneur are back again. Yes, and you'll never lose them. They're here to stay!

There are several Second Class Scouts in the troop and one girl has attained a Merit Badge as well as a Gold Attendance Star.

A basket-ball team has been organized and although our first game was not victorious we took our defeat with a Scout smile.

In November we held a parent's party so our folks might learn to better understand Scout work and thus be able to help us more.

At present, we are having moving picture slides on the study of birds and as a result are gaining much knowledge.

D. M. R.

WINTER BUDS

By Inez M. Haring

THE is something cold and uninviting about the trees in winter. They stand out bleak and barren upon the winter landscape. The attractiveness and beauty, which the leaves give in summer, have vanished. They no longer invite us to sit in their shade, nor to tramp under their leafy domes. Thus to most of us, when the leaves have fallen and snow covers the ground, the trees cease to exist as a part of our life. But, however uninteresting they may appear, the truth of the matter is, that they hold close to their bosoms one of the most interesting secrets of Nature.

The life of a tree is a cycle, which repeats itself year after year. It begins with the coming of spring, continues through the summer, and ends with the dropping of the leaves. Then come the winter months during which the trees rest. When spring arrives the cycle starts all over again. This period of inactivity, strange as it may seem, is a good time to begin the study of trees.

Have you ever looked at the spot where the leaves fall from the branches? What do you see? A scar. Yes, a leaf scar—the mark which is left by each leaf as it detaches itself from the tree. Look closer and you will see more—something that looks like a bud, and that is exactly what it is. Here, at the beginning of winter, are the buds that will open next spring when the warm winds awaken them.

It is commonly believed that the tree buds are not formed until the approach of spring. The fact is, however, that by winter, every tree upon the horizon, is the modest possessor of all the buds for the coming season. It holds them nestled close to the branches, where it keeps them safe, until the balmy spring days unfold them. Early last spring,

almost as soon as the little leaves appeared upon the tree, these buds, which are now waiting to be called next spring, could be found, tucked away, at or near the point, where the leaf joins the tree. They were tiny, some of them very tiny, but under the guarding protection of the leaves, they grew larger and larger, until about midsummer, when they attained almost full growth. Had the protecting leaf met with a mishap, the little bud under its special care, having lost its nurse would have died. All summer long the leaf watched over the bud, until the cold of the coming autumn, bid it let go. By that time the bud was ready for its long winter wait, which will terminate only with the coming of spring. These are the buds which we see now, when we look closely at the branches. We call them winter buds.

What is a winter bud? Many believe each bud to contain but a single leaf. This is not the fact. Some contain flowers only, others contain leaves only, while still others contain both flowers and leaves. These latter buds might well be called miniature branches, for should we watch them develop, they will be found to hold not one but several leaves upon a stem. These buds already enfold, in miniature, the twigs for the coming year. The buds of some trees are larger than those of others. Some are round, some pointed, but all contain the growth of the tree for the coming season.

Of all the trees that we see, the horse-chestnut is perhaps the most interesting, as well as the most simple to study. Examine a horse-chestnut tree. One of the most noticeable things about it, in winter, is the large brown buds, which are covered with a sticky wax. On warm days this wax softens, and on cold days it hardens again. Break off a

large end bud, that is, a bud which is at the end of a branch. Cut it lengthwise with a very sharp knife, being sure to get a clean cut. Now examine it carefully under an ordinary magnifying glass. Here is a miracle of Nature spread out before us, for any to read who will. In the center wrapped up in a fuzzy, fluffy, woolly blanket, is the flower cluster. It is as distinct as if full grown, only it is tiny, very tiny. Around it are folded the green leaves. If we would use some delicate instruments, we could unfold each individual leaf; we could count the number of flowers in the flower cluster; we could know the number of leaves that are to unfold. All is here before us but our fingers are too clumsy to catch more than an inkling of the secret. The whole is protected from harm—not from cold, for cold usually will not hurt them—by the brown bracts which are tightly wrapped outside the tender green leaves. The entire bud is more securely guarded by the sticky wax without.

When spring comes, these buds which have been sleeping all winter, will begin to swell. Gradually they grow bigger and bigger. In a few weeks the protecting bracts, in most cases, fall off, and the baby twig shoots forth in a surprisingly vigorous manner. For a short time the leaves are languid and drooping, but their infancy is soon over. In a few days only, they will be good sized leaves. Their babyhood is past. They must become the nurses for the next year's buds. The leaves from our winter buds, which were so carefully protected through last year and which we have been watching during their long winter rest, now in their turn, become the protectors of what will be next year's winter buds. A most important part of their summer's work will be the care and protection of these new infants.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

During the year ending January, 1922, we promoted 32 scouts to Second Class and 5 to First Class. We awarded 32 gold stars for 100 per cent. attendance, and 44 silver stars for 90 per cent. There are 8 members of our troop who have never missed a meeting since we organized over two years ago. Sixteen girls have completed the Red Cross First

Aid course. Since January, 1921, we have awarded 220 Merit Badges in 31 subjects. We have awarded 4 Medals of Merit, making a total of 7 in the troop.

We bought more instruments for our band, so that we now have a band of 32 pieces: 12 bugles, 10 fifes, 8 snare drums, 1 bass drum and cymbals.

At Christmas time our girls dressed thirteen dolls and gave them to

the Flatbush Branch of Brooklyn Bureau of Charities for distribution.

We celebrated our troop birthday by inviting the Boy Scouts of Troop 79 to compete with us in drilling, signalling, knot-tying, games, races, First Aid demonstrations, etc.

Two of our girls have prepared every requirement for Goldie Eagle.

I. T.,

Capt. Troop 55.



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Further information upon request

SCOUTING YESTERDAY AND TODAY

(Continued from page 16)

part in all activities. Under this plan girls who have never been members, and who cannot attend in the afternoons, are allowed to enroll with the Senior Scouts, and do the work with the rest. Another good feature is that of the Citizen Scout, who can be enrolled as a member of the Girl Scouts, though not able to actively take part in the work. Another very helpful feature of the Organization of today is the Officers' Class, which is attended by the Patrol Leaders and Corporals of the different troops. At these classes the problems that present themselves in each troop are discussed, and the best way to settle them decided upon. In this way all the troops are kept in touch with each other.

I have watched it from its infancy, step by step, not as a casual observer, but as an interested participant in its activities. No one can better appreciate its wonderful organization and growth than one who has known it from its small beginnings.

I can visualize a wonderful future for the Girl Scouts. In my dream, is included a greater bond of fellowship, holding together in purpose and spirit the members of the Organization in all parts of the world. I can see a great International Movement whereby the girls of all the other countries will be linked across the sea with each other, and with us, their American sisters. My dream will come true, I'm sure.

MT. JACKSON, VA.

Our Troop gave the play "The Taming of Horrors," the Wednesday before Christmas for the benefit of the Community Christmas Tree. We cleared \$21.00. Then we gave each child a present and orange and a bag of candy on Christmas eve at the tree celebration. We sang some of the beautiful Christmas carols.



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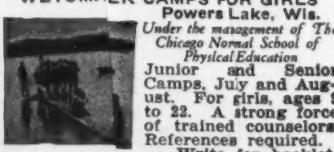
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(Continued from Page 13)

Shortly after the two girls went out of doors together.

Editha picked up the photographs and looked them over once more and again the two lived through a happy summer.

Just before Bob left, he said, "I came on two errands this afternoon. One was to bring you the book, the other to ask you if you had been invited to our Junior hop."

"Oh, yes thank you," said Editha. "I am so sorry. It is no end good of you to invite me, but I promised Dick Evans I would go with him."

"I am late with my invitation, I know, but I expected my sister would be with me. Mother decided it was too far for her to come alone, and the poor kid is broken-hearted. Do you happen to know whether your friend Miss Gaylord is invited? I like her."

"Of course, you like her," said Editha. "She's one of the dearest girls in the house and she is a wonderful dancer. She isn't invited and she's crazy to go. She doesn't know any of the boys."

"I think I'll drop her a note," said Bob.

Monday morning when the girls came from recitations Editha was the first to reach the hall table on which the mail was left for the girls.

"A letter for you, Lucile," she said.

"Me!" exclaimed Lucile, "Tuesday is my day for letters. I never saw that writing before, and I can't make out the postmark. Can you?"

"Don't try. Why don't you open it?" asked Editha, trying to repress her excitement, as she recognized Mr. Baxter's writing.

Lucile opened and read:

"Dear Miss Gaylord: Would you think I was too presuming on short acquaintance if I should ask you to attend the Groton hop with so humble a personage as a hook canvasser? In case it is not beneath the dignity of a German maid I shall be most happy to call for you on the evening of the thirtieth.

Yours truly,
Robert Baxter."

Lucile sank on the settle in the hall.

"I absolutely will not do it," she declared.

"Do what?" asked Editha, in amazement.

"How could you, Editha?" she continued.

"Could I what?" asked Editha.

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"Ask Mr. Baxter to take me to the hop."

"Inconsistency, thy name is Lucile Gaylord. You told me to conjure up a man for you and this is the thanks I get."

"It is so embarrassing. What shall I do?"

"Go," said Editha.

"When I asked for an invitation? Never!"

"You didn't ask for an invitation." "You did for me."

"As a matter of fact, I didn't."

"Then, how did he happen to invite me?"

"Perhaps, it was partly due to your charms, and partly due to Ellen's apron. At any rate, he told me he was going to invite you and it was entirely his own suggestion."

"Really?"

"Really truly, black and bluely."

"I'm going straight to my room and write," said Lucile.

"A nice note in German?"

"No," retorted Lucile, "a sign for the front door, 'Canvassers Welcome.' I'll write the note tomorrow; I don't want to seem too eager."

She went to her room humming happily. When Madeline passed her door a little later, she called, "Come in and dance a jig with me. I'm going to the Groton hop and Ellen's apron did it."

THE END

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Troop 11

Listen my children and you shall hear
The annual report of this jolly year.
The first thing on the program is the
good turns we did
For our glory can't always from our
selves be hid,

We gave ten dollars to the Armenian
Relief,

To help our dear friends to lessen
their grief;

Along about springtime three faithful
little scouts

Took care of small children not large
enough to pout.

Now comes our good times of the year
After we have distributed so much
cheer.

At the home of Scout Smith our New
Year's party

Was enjoyed by all; as for getting
home we were rather tardy.

At our anniversary we had one lone-
some candle,

But that proves, girls, we couldn't
have had much scandal.

It was held at the home of our dear
captain,

And goodness! girls, we had the most
fun!

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DAN. E. REID
Stamp Dealer
Todmorden, Toronto, Canada

ST. SPOOFIN'S DAY

(Continued from Page 11)

"And we did it," Flo wailed. "We made her sick and it's all our fault."

Glenn was for telephoning her at once to explain the joke, but the bunch decided that they could not say what they wanted to, and so in solenema council they wrote a letter to Blossom Hinkle apologizing and begging forgiveness. Then, with heavy consciences they went to their homes for Easter vacation.

Their feeling of guilt was still heavier, when, upon the first day of their return to college they found that she had not returned to her work. They had another session.

"Well, we did it for her own good," Glenn observed.

"That's what my father used to tell me before he paddled me," mused Lovey, "but it never made me feel any better."

"But what shall we do?" they all demanded.

Just then there was a knock on the door. In came Blossom. With one concerted cry the girls greeted her, but their exclamations were stifled, to be followed by stares of astonishment. She seemed as though some sculptor had carved her away in sections. The fat no longer stood out awkwardly. She stood straighter, and her expression had lost all of its flabbiness.

"Have you been sick all vacation?" Gladys asked.

Hinkey shook her head. "Never felt better in my life."

"But you look so—so—"

"Go ahead. Say it. 'Thin.' Yes, I know it, and I want to thank you girls. You're responsible. You see, I went to Miss Wood and told her about myself, and she explained the trick you had played on me. At first I was pretty mad. Then I thought I'd turn the trick. She suggested it. I had felt so good after getting up early, that I did it all vacation. And then I took a long walk every morning I was home. And I didn't eat so much sweet stuff, and didn't loaf all the time, and the fat came off in pounds and pounds."

"We felt terrible when you left," Gladys confessed. "We were trying to cure you but we didn't think the medicine would be so strong."

"It wasn't. Miss Wood suggested that if I went early without telling you, the worry might be good for you. So I did. But do you think I'm cured?"

"You surely are," the bunch acknowledged. "You're cured, and so are we. No more practical jokes for us!"

THE END



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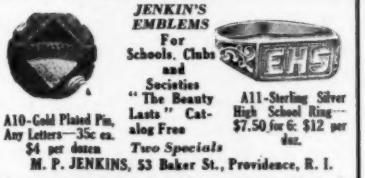
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Do you like to give plays—if so, watch for the story by Willis K. Jones—Coming soon!

LITTLE SISTER INTERFERES

(Continued from Page 7)

and it knocked me flat; she didn't see that, and I couldn't wait to get home myself, so I came. And all the want me to go back with her, I could way, puffing up that lane by myself, I was just thanking heaven for what I knew I should find there. And I've found it."

There was utter silence in the room. Miss Murray turned quickly to the chocolate pot and Little Sister burrowed her head under Jean's arm, while everyone shivered at the vision of what they had escaped—the ignominy of metting Mrs. Talbot face to face under the moonlight in the lane!

Jean broke the silence. "I almost went, Mrs. Talbot," she said, steadily.

"You, Jean? Alone."

"No," broke in Fanny, impetuously. "We were all going. It was only that meddling Little Sister that kept us."

Little Sister left Jean to throw an arm around Mrs. Talbot's shoulder.

"But they didn't go," she cooed. "They didn't go, you know."

Mrs. Talbot's shrewd, kindly eyes traveled over all the ashamed faces before her. "No, Little Sister," she said, slowly, "they didn't go, and somehow I feel as if they never would want to try a thing like that again."

"You bet we won't," cried Fanny, fervently.

Mrs. Talbot did not correct the slang. She was looking thoughtfully at Little Sister. "I think we'll have the party, Little Sister," she decided, "but I will give it to you. You may invite whomever you like."

Little Sister's eyes were stars. "I'll ask you," she said, rapturously, "and Mademoiselle and Miss Murray and Jean—" then her eyes met Sue's. She had never been very kind, but in true triumph there is no rancor. Little Sister spread her arms to all the group. "I'll ask Sue," she ended, "and all Jean's friends—everyone of them."

"Well," said Sue, with frank honesty, "whatever we are, Little Sister is a sport, that's a sure thing!"

"If Mrs. Talbot will permit, I think we should make that remark about her," replied Little Sister.

And then she fled gladly to Jean's welcoming arms and comradely every-day smile.

THE END

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WINDSOR, CONN.

The Tunxis Troop of Windsor was organized two years ago last January. Tunxis is an Indian name —a crane, which we chose for our emblem. There are three patrols and most of them are Second Class Scouts. We have been working for our Merit Badges, of which we have quite a number already.

The following are some of the Scouts' activities:

1. Canvassed for the Red Cross and raised 25 per cent of the money which Windsor had to raise.

2. Gave a poor family of seven, five of them under working age, a Thanksgiving basket.

3. Collected clothes for the poor people of Windsor. We have clothed three hundred so far and we collect clothes every day. People let the Captain know and she sends the scouts around after them.

4. We also provided a Christmas basket with provisions, gifts, clothing and one toy or equivalent for each person.

5. Gave a Benefit Whist for a family that was burned out, at which we raised sixty two dollars (\$62). This was managed by the girls entirely.

6. We are going to hang May baskets for the sick and the shut-ins.

7. Had a joyful evening entertaining the Blind School, at Hartford.

8. Write letters to other Scouts, home and abroad.

9. Hold food sales once a month.

10. We also have some good times. We have dog roasts, walking race, Christmas party and gave the gifts to the poor from the Christmas party. Bungalow apron party, birthday party, St. Patrick's party, April Fool's party and sleighrides.

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Short Coat & Skirt	3.75	3.75	3.75	3.75	3.75	4.25	4.25	4.25
Skirts, Extra	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	2.00	2.00	2.00
Bloomers	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50

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KHAKI HAT

\$1.50

Approx. head measurement	Size
20 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	6 $\frac{1}{4}$
21 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	6 $\frac{1}{4}$
21 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	7
22 "	7 $\frac{1}{4}$
22 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	7 $\frac{1}{4}$
22 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	7 $\frac{1}{4}$
23 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	7 $\frac{1}{4}$
23 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	7 $\frac{1}{4}$
23 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	7 $\frac{1}{4}$
24 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	7 $\frac{1}{4}$
24 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	8

SPECIAL NOTICE

Hats are not returnable. Be sure to give correct size when ordering.



LONG COAT
READY MADE

Size 10 to 18.....\$3.50
Size 38 to 42.....4.00

READY TO SEW
Size 10 to 18.....2.75
Size 38 to 42.....3.25



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Girl Sizes 6 to 10 \$6.00
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SHORT COAT AND
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READY MADE
Size 10 to 18.....\$4.50
Size 38 to 42.....5.00

READY TO SEW
Size 10 to 18.....3.75
Size 38 to 42.....4.25

Official Price List of Flags

Notice: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

AMERICAN FLAGS

SIZE	MATERIAL	PRICE
2x3 ft.	Wool (Size used with small Troop Flag)	\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50
3x5 ft., 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, U. S. Gov. Size		4.50

TROOP PENNANTS

Lettered with any Troop No.....\$1.50

STAFFS DESCRIPTION

1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral G. S. Emblem	\$6.50
G. S. Emblem, Separate	3.60
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle	4.90
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear	3.40
Eagle Emblem—separate	2.50
Spear Emblem—separate	1.50
Flag Carrier	2.50

TROOP FLAGS

SIZE	MATERIAL	PRICE	PRICE FOR EACH	LETTERING
22x36 in.	Cotton and Wool	\$2.50	10c per letter	
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 ft.	Wool	4.00	15c "	"
3x5 ft.	Wool	5.50	20c "	"
4x6 ft.	Wool	8.00	20c "	"
Semaphore Flags, per pair.....75c				
Morse Code Flags.....set, \$1.25				
Including: 1 red flag, white center; 1 white flag, red center; jointed staff, heavy web carrying case.				
Morse Code Flag, Staff not Jointed.....each, 60c				

For Equipment Price List see pages 2 and 3.

Girl Scout Sweaters



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Sizes 34 to 38.....	\$6.50
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Middy, sizes 10 to 42..... \$1.75

Skirt (R. M.), sizes 10 to 18..... 2.00

“ 18 to 42..... 2.50

Bloomers, sizes 10 to 42..... 2.25

(Made of Official Girl Scout Khaki)

(Please Order by Size)

Full price list on pages 2 and 3.

National Supply Department

(GIRL SCOUTS)

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE
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